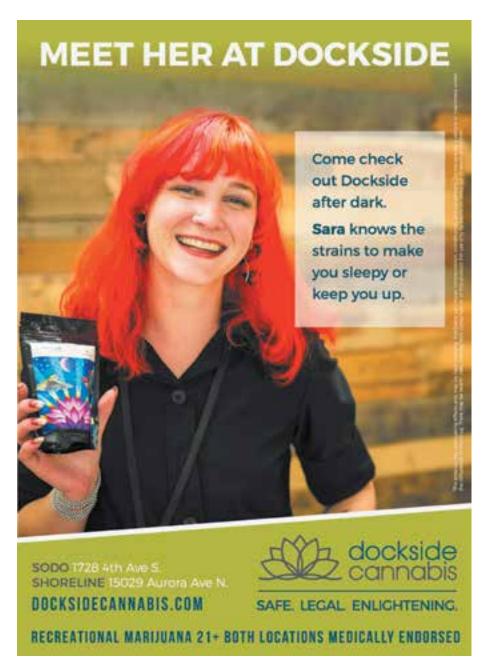




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(11/15) Penny University Post-Election: 'What's Next?' with Jim McDermott

(11/15) Emily Witt with Dr. Pepper Schwartz 'Future Sex'

(11/16) MIT Enterprise Forum Northwest presents **Smart Homes** 

(11/16) The Seattle Moth GrandSLAM

(11/17) Charles Elev Zero Net Energy Buildings

(11/17) Town Hall and Ignite Seattle present Ignite Seattle 31

(11/18) Amanda Hendrix and Charles wohlforth A Home in the Stars

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# the Stranger

Volume 26, Issue Number 11 November 9-15, 2016

#### **WE SAW YOU**

 $Stranger\,\mathrm{staffers}$  saw you acting like Donald Trump, eating meat on light rail, and being disgusting on Jackson Street ... page 7

#### **NEWS**

The election: What the fuck just happened??? ... page  $9\,$ 

#### **WEED**

Why pot makes you laugh ... page 13

#### **FEATURE**

DeVitta Briscoe lost her son and her brother to guns. Now she's on a mission to keep people "alive and free.'

... page 15

#### **SAVAGE LOVE**

A poly girlfriend's unusual stipulation ... page 21

#### THINGS TO DO: **ARTS & CULTURE**

 $The \, Stranger \, {\rm suggests} \, Brief$ Fling at McCaw Hall, Three Days in Standing Rock at Vermillion. Anthony Bourdain at Paramount, When There Were Angels at Gav City, and more ... page 23

#### THINGS TO DO: **MUSIC**

The Stranger suggests Pansy Division at Funhouse, Vijay Iyer and Wadada Leo Smith at Benaroya Hall, Sturgill Simpson at Paramount, Denzel Curry at Neumos, and more ... page 27

#### **MUSIC**

The Posies are still a band, again, forever; a review of The Game's new album, 1992 ... page 35

#### **BOOKS**

Books that will help you make sense of Seattle's housing crisis ... page 38

#### FILM/TV

Jim Jarmusch lionizes Iggy and the Stooges in Gimme Danger; watch Ava DuVernay's 13th on Netflix ... page 39

#### **CHOW**

Mollusk has a new direction... page 42

#### **FREE WILL ASTROLOGY**

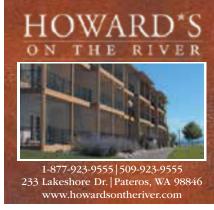
You're due for a series of appointments with savvy bliss and wild splendor  $\dots \, page \, 45$ 

#### **PERSON OF INTEREST**

Jazmyn Scott, program manager at Langston ... page 46

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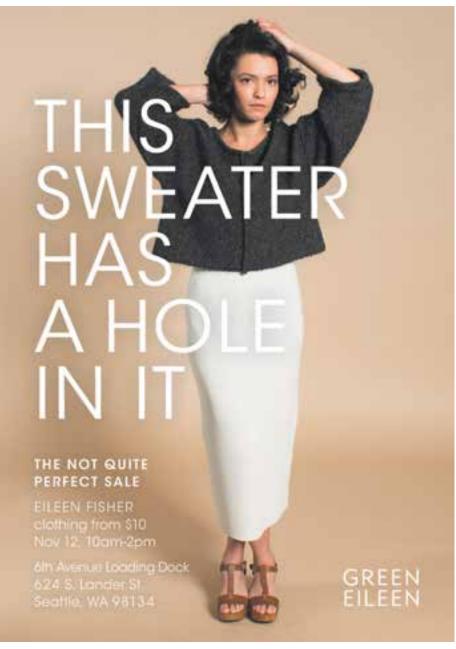
#### More than you think

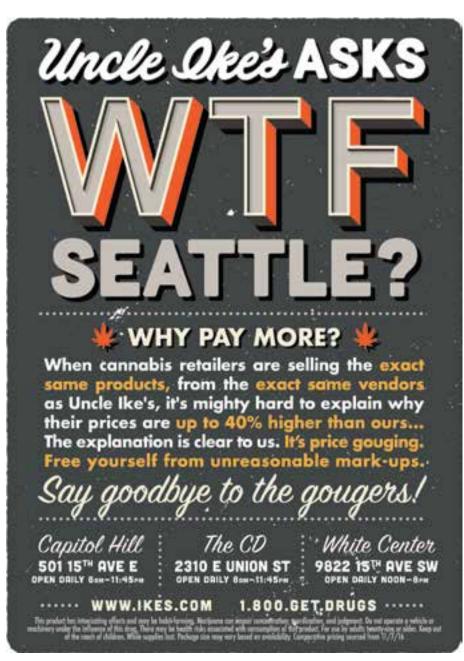
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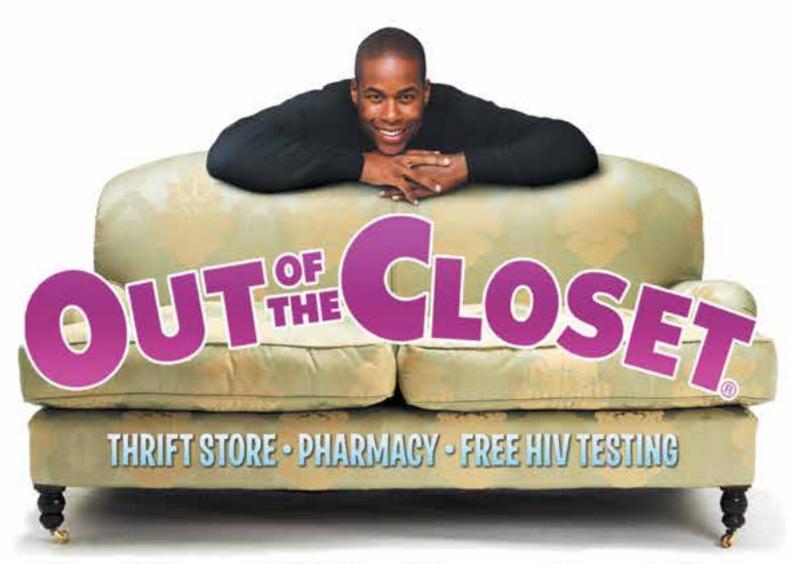








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BUCK IN RUTTING SEASON He was looking for a doe so he could grab her by the hind.

#### **SEXUALLY RAPACIOUS UNGULATE**

We saw you on a mossy hillock near the University of Washington's marine biology lab on San Juan Island. Your eyes stared down at us. Eyes with nothing in them. Not even death. Not even election anxiety. Just the blank indifference of an animal eye. Your only movement: the hinge-like articulations of your satellite ear. Unlike Donald Trump, you had the high ground. Like Donald Trump, you were fearsome. We'd been warned about bucks raging around the grounds at this time of year, the peak of their rutting season. You were looking for a doe. You wanted to grab her by the hind. You would not hesitate to skewer a mere human with your head-weapon. So we had three choices: (1) run at you screaming with the fire of our race, (2) walk east along the perilous cliff bordering the Strait of Juan de Fuca, (3) walk deeper into the woods but still across your path. Sunset was 30 minutes out. The day was darkening. Having no ar-

ing lot of the world's crappiest futon store, we saw you. You were sitting in folding chairs in an overlit, thoroughly-TRUMP-signed room making phone calls. We got out of there as fast as we could. We didn't want your nasty futons anyway. **CUTE GUY GETS CANVASSED** We saw you while canvassing the Sunday

rows, we decided to pick up a rock and cross

your path, slowly but confidently, your eyes

Through an open door to a fenced-in loading

dock off a sketchy alley leading to the park-

on us. We passed you without incident.

**SECRET TRUMP CALL CENTER** 

night before the election. You were in your home, chilling and watching TV. You answered the door and were really excited that

we were out there canvassing, doing something for democracy. You offered us crackers and cheese. You were really cute. If we'd been canvassing solo, we might have taken you up on your offer.

#### I, ANONYMOUS

To submit an unsigned confession or accusation, send an



#### MAN (BASICALLY) BITES DOG

I know the leashed dog that started barking at you after you hysterically screamed "Control your dog!" scared you. I know his reaction to you rushing at me, him, and my 18-month-old daughter was loud and aggressive. But so were you, having crossed the street to berate us. And while I restrained the dog, which was anxiously trying to get between us, you shoved me and screamed in my face. And when you finally stormed away—the dog never having touched you, my plea to you to just move along having gone unheard my little girl began her own screaming. "Dada hurt! Dada hurt!" she shrieked over and over. She's still crying. All toddlers wake in the middle of the night, but not all of them wake screaming because a shitty neighbor incited her dog and accosted her father just so he could make a scene. I hope you feel good. I know my daughter doesn't think it was worth it.

#### -Anonymous

#### **EATING MEAT ON LIGHT RAIL**

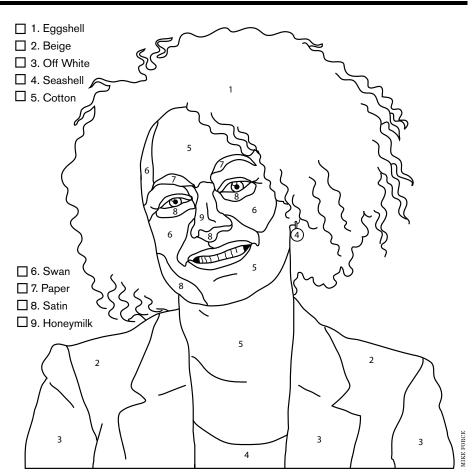
We saw you—a young male/female couple—on the southbound light rail train on a recent Friday night eating sandwiches with cold cuts in them, Occasionally, the way you carelessly bit the sandwich would cause the meat to stretch a great distance, sometimes even falling to the floor. At one point, the guy, while still chewing his food, kissed his girlfriend on the cheek. You two looked like a commercial for veganism.

#### **GOOD NEIGHBORS IN GREENWOOD**

We saw you on our neighborhood's Buy Nothing group on Facebook. Rather than offering up gently used kids toys or well-loved furniture, you offered up rides to the Greenwood Library's ballot drop box to people with disabilities and elderly folks who may have needed help getting around. We're not sure if anyone took you up on your offer, but in the midst of this garbage fire of an election season, your post was a reminder of the good in this world.

#### **PIGEONS HAVE A FIELD DAY ON JACKSON STREET**

You three dozen pigeons almost smashed your beaky faces into the pavement trying to all get to a pile of vomit on Jackson Street in the Central District on the Monday before the election. You were racing against time. The thing was, the pile of vomit was smack in the center of the street, right on the double yellow line, and the cars and buses were coming. But which one of you found this pile first and how? And which human stepped in the middle of the street, not at a crosswalk, to hurl? Was it out a car window? You didn't care. You only knew that it was there now and you made your break for it. ■



## I Haven't Read Rachel Dolezal's Book, But I Identify as a **Person Who Has**

#### BY ASHER BLOOMQUIST

hen the news broke that Rachel hen the news brone ......

Dolezal would be publishing her  $\stackrel{-}{\text{memoir, } In \ Full \ Color: } Finding \ My \ Place \ in$ a Black and White World, in March 2017, my response was complicated.

Part of me relishes the thought of Dolezal finally having a chance to state her case fully, rather than in the heavily mediated systems of unfairly overscrutinized (and therefore inherently otherizing) presentation she was subjected to when she was initially exposed (and later came out) as a human being born biologically white who identified as African American.

At the same time, however, the news ups the risk of pre-trauma for someone (i.e., me) who identifies as someone who has read the book. The idea that this memoir has been written, and will soon be available to be literally read—and therefore subject to the opinions and criticisms of people who actually believe that having literally read it entitles them to opinions and criticisms—constitutes an act of violence against my self-conception,

Do I find In Full Color problematic? Um, not as problematic as the fact that you're interrogating me right now. And veah, before you start grammarsplaining, I actually do understand that I was the one who posed the hypothetical question at the beginning of this paragraph. Because I'm not a fucking CHILD, if that makes any sense to you? What I was about to say before I, as you, so rudely interrupted myself (for your benefit), was that I'm not sure.

Great art often challenges its audience, which is unfortunate. My experience as an identified reader of In Full Color definitely falls within that spectrum. I've tried hard not to witness the public attacks on Dolezal's lived truth, but there's only so much one person can do to seal themselves off from that which they cannot unsee. I'm aware, for example, that many trans people and people of color (to say nothing of trans people of color) object v. strongly to Dolezal's conception of herself as "transracial."

But before I found that out, I had already decided I was a fan. Which left me pondering the eternal questions: What is truth? Why are people cruel? Fire, or gar-

My only request is that when you actually read the literal book, please don't talk about it—to me or to anyone. If you think I might be connected to anyone in your social network. please don't post anything that might make its way to my feed, however tangentially or accidentally. That goes double if you don't agree with anything she writes. I have my own issues with some of what I assume is in that book, trust me LOL.

Actually? I owe us both an apology. This is no LOL-ing matter. Just please don't tell me what's in that book, okay? According to you, that is. I know what I believe I think I want to know is in there. The last thing I need is a so-called "real" reader oppressing me with their truth the way white America oppressed Rachel Dolezal.

When are we going to wake up? ■



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# We're Fucked

## Fuck Fuck Fucking Fuck. So Fucked.

#### BY STRANGER ELECTION CONTROL BOARD

### TRYING TO FIND A SILVER LINING IN A LONG, DARK NIGHT

People were lined up on the sidewalk outside the Showbox, the site of *The Stranger*'s election night party, before the doors opened at 4 p.m. A diverse-for-Seattle assortment of liberals and progressives quickly filled the venue, everyone excited to witness and celebrate the election of the first woman to the presidency of the United States.

As people streamed in, we had a brief conversation about the net full of balloons hanging from the ceiling. The networks might call the election for Hillary Clinton soon after polls started closing on the East Coast at 5 p.m. Seattle time. Should we drop the balloons when Clinton wins, even if it's still early in the night? Or should wait until results came in from Washington State?

Drop them when Clinton wins, everyone agreed, no matter how early.

The first returns were promising—Clinton pulled ahead in Florida after briefly trailing Donald Trump in the Gunshine State—but then the numbers started to flip. States began turning red faster than the crowd could process. Smiles went too tight, and then faded. A huge cheer went up when Clinton briefly took an electoral college lead, but everyone could see the math was working against her.

By the time the networks started all-but-calling the election for Donald J. Trump, the Showbox was nearly empty. The crowd watched, stunned, as the United States committed bigot-assisted suicide. The few people who remained struggled to reconcile liberal and progressive victories in Washington State—Democratic governor and US senator reelected, massive transit package approved, minimum wage hiked—with the catastrophic results of the national election.

Reconciliation wasn't possible.

#### **DEEP THOUGHT**

Anyone but a fucking woman, says America. Anyone.

#### **DEEPER THOUGHT**

Racist, unqualified xenophobe beats most qualified person to ever run for president, because women and people of color are too scary.

#### DARKEST THOUGHT

Activist DeRay McKesson on Twitter: "I'm tired of people saying that Trump had no ground game. His ground game was white supremacy. He had a ground game & it made an impact."

#### **SOUND TRANSIT 3 WINS**

Fucking fuck, y'all. We finally found some good fucking news, and you're gonna need it.

Sound Transit 3—the biggest light rail measure ever put before voters here, a light rail measure that promises to radically reshape our region—has passed with 55 percent of the vote across three counties.

"Our region will be positively transformed forever," Transportation Choices Coalition executive director Shefali Ranganathan told



JONATE
YEAH, US TOO We're as shocked as everyone else.

"We are saying yes to a better economy," said King County executive Dow Constan-

tine. "Yes to a cleaner environment, yes to a better quality of life."

an enthusiastic crowd.

The crowd here was happy but still palpably on edge from the national results. Soon, Seattle mayor Ed Murray took the stage to praise ST3 and then offer his best (if awkward) attempt at consoling the crowd on the national front.

"Regardless of what happens, tomorrow morning Seattle wakes up the same city," Murray said. "Seattle wakes up as a city that welcomes immigrants... wakes up as a city that does not have a religious test."

## SOMBER FACES AS THE CARBON TAX FALLS

At Peddler Brewing Company on Leary Way

tonight, a big crowd showed up proud and hopeful, sitting happily and sipping beers and ciders at picnic tables under a heated tent out back.

"I've been biking for a half hour—what's going on?" John Kydd of Bainbridge Island asked when he arrived. SECB told him Trump was up and what he said turned out to be telling not only on Trump but on Initiative 732 in the end.

"I must be clueless," Kydd said. "It's from living in this bubble."  $\,$ 

SECB knew it would be a long night for I-732 when the Audubon man took the stage...

Pre-8 p.m.: Audubon man speaks about his passion for birds and says he is tempted to block the presidential election reporting on the screen behind him. He seems to betray an utter lack of ability to link the national disaster of racism, sexism, and ignorance of massive proportions unfolding to the... birds.

Slightly less pre-8 p.m.: "This would be the nation's first carbon tax and we could set a national precedent!" one of the organizers of I-732 announced. Excitement!

8:39 p.m. brings the hammer down: 732 is failing with only Snohomish and Douglas Counties not reporting, but campaign codirector Kyle Murphy vows, "Whatever happens, we're gonna keep fighting for good climate policy... We won King County and that's a start... Let's get as close as we possibly can and use that to set the stage for more progress."

9:10 p.m.: 732 goes down 58 to 41 percent. No announcement. Just the SECB checking the state website. Earlier, Murphy admitted that he agreed with critics of 732 that the initiative wasn't perfect. But he was excited that climate change could begin to become a mainstream issue. That said, this crowd isn't going anywhere. They're gearing up for more.

## THE MOOD AT BRADY WALKINSHAW'S PARTY

With CNN blaring from all sides and Trump leading, there were tears. There was a drunk, dazed person stumbling around and a lot of emotional embracing at Brady Walkinshaw's party at the Canterbury Ale House on Capitol Hill. This was more of a group therapy session than a party.

The results from the first King County ballot drop showed Pramila Jayapal, always the favorite to win the seat to represent Seattle in Congress, with a massive 16-point lead over Walkinshaw: 57 percent to 43 percent.

Walkinshaw gave a quick and classy speech, thanking supporters and congratulating Jayapal on a strong campaign—though not officially conceding just yet. He called the results "disappointing" and acknowledged it's a "big gap." He said the two candidates always had much more in common than they disagree about. And he did not hesitate when asked whether he would fully support her in Congress, should she indeed win: "Yes, of course."

"We as progressives, especially from this place, the Northwest," Walkinshaw said, "have an opportunity to make this country better"

Supporter Laura Bernstein told me her husband is supporting Jayapal. "There's a lot of divided houses and friendships over this race," she said cheerfully. "And we're going to have to get over that." (She said she fully expected Trump to win and is looking forward to organizing against him.)

Walkinshaw gestured to CNN and called what we were seeing nationally "scary," and people began filing out of the bar to head home.

## PRAMILA JAYAPAL: "WE WILL HAVE TO FIGHT"

Many high-pitched screams and chants of "PRA-MI-LA" when the first (and very delayed) King County results dropped: Jayapal had shot decisively into the lead with nearly 57 percent of the vote to Brady Walkinshaw's 43 percent.





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# Stranger THINGS

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"We will have to fight

for social justice like

never before."

Jayapal took the stage in front of a packed room of her supporters and called the election a historic one.

"We are electing the first woman in the 7th District," she said, "and the first South Asian woman in United States Congress."

But Jayapal also acknowledged the night's increasingly likely odds that Donald Trump will win the presidency.

"If our worst fears are realized, we will be on defense starting tomorrow," Jayapal said. "And we will need to fight not just for our progressive ideals, but to stop a disastrous

rollback of mainstream progress in this country." She continued: "We will have to fight for social justice like never before, and we will have to fight to protect our very basic freedoms and rights as citizens."

"That is not the fight that I would have chosen," Jayapal said, "but I will fight it."

#### "THIS IS NOW A DEMOCRATIC **DICTATORSHIP**"

The scene at Saba Ethiopian Cuisine on 12th Avenue on Capitol Hill on election night was casual and intense. Coffee and beer. Men in a back room played carambola, and they spiked their sentences with the word "Trump" as they banked balls into the corner pocket. Others in the restaurant gathered around small tables, their eyes glued to CNN on the widescreen TV

Muluneh Yohannes sat in the corner with some friends. He's 38, lives in Northgate, and hails from Ethiopia, where he received a degree in political science from Addis Ababa University. Norwich University in Vermont graduated him with a degree in conflict management and diplomacy. He moved to Seattle in 2003, and he's currently a social worker for the Seattle Fire Department, as well as a human rights advocate in the local Ethiopian community.

At 10:40 p.m. PST, the New York Times was showing Donald Trump with a 95 percent chance of winning the presidency.

"I'm surprised," he said. "My expectation is that he'd lose the election because of his attitude, lack of details that matter to the country, his very limited knowledge and experience on foreign policy, and I though this manner would affect negatively the election

He thinks this election was about one thing in particular: change. "People here need to change—what—the colors of their bedrooms? They always want to see something new. Hillary Clinton was a continuation of Barack Obama in a lot of ways, and that probably frustrated a portion of the population."

The other big issue, according to Yohannes, was misogyny: "I don't think

America is ready for a woman president. If that's the case, that worries me more. Women need to have equal opportunity and access for everything, including the presidency."

He's not worried about Trump personally, and thinks president Trump will act differently than candidate Trump, but he's worried about America's foreign policy.

"I'm worried about another war," he

said. "And in general, our alliance with many countries will be affected negatively. But we don't know how this guy is going to act!"

He's also worried about the Republicans taking the House and the Senate. "This is now a democratic dictatorship," he said.

#### SANITY AND SURE HANDS AT THE **INSLEE PARTY**

The mood inside the Washington State Democratic Party's election celebration was tense and sullen thanks to news of Donald Trump's wins in Florida and Ohio. Even Hillary Clinton's success right here in Washington State didn't seem to fully lift people's spirits.

But then some good news finally rolled in. Our Democratic governor, Jay Inslee, was solidly beating former Port of Seattle commissioner Bill Bryant, 56 percent to 44 percent. Governor Inslee, accompanied by his family, managed to be all smiles when he took the stage. The crowd (finally) grinned right back. Although a xenophobic megalomaniac was leading the presidential polls, Washingtonians still had their progressive leader.

Inslee greeted the crowd hoarselv—he'd clearly been celebrating and speechifying for some time.

"Washington was, is, and always will be a beacon for progressive values," Inslee said in a crackly voice. "Washington voted tonight to stay in the path of progress. We will keep moving forward. It's as important as ever for us to band together."

To whoops and cheers (and some tears, if this SECB member saw correctly), Inslee celebrated the night's successes here at home: the passage of a sorely needed gun safety measure and a higher statewide hourly minimum wage. In the wake of Washington's failed carbon tax measure, Inslee assured the audience—a crowd that was in dire need of something good—that Washington still championed fighting climate change and ensuring that the state's communities of color and different religions had a true home in the Evergreen State.

Find complete election results at the stranger.com



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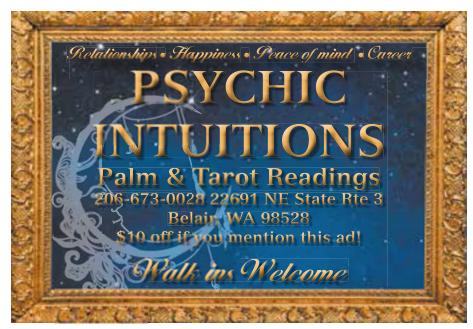
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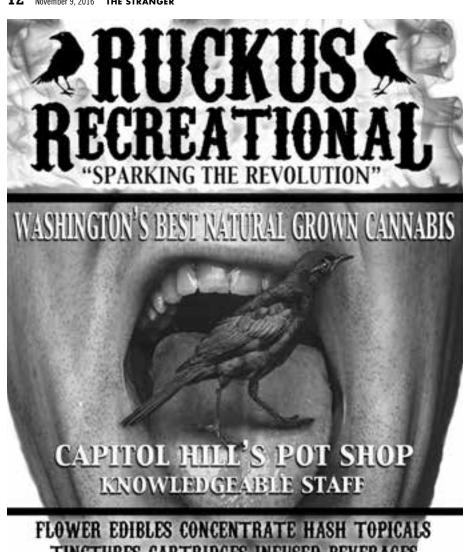


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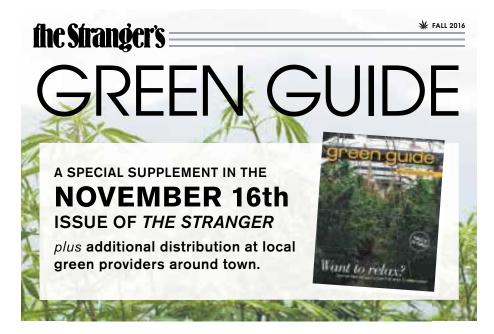


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## CLEAN YOUR BONG A TWICE MONTHLY

# THC, Thanks for the LOLs

BY DAVID SCHMADER

or many, many people, the experience of getting high is forever linked to the experience of laughing their fucking face off. Such weed-fueled laughter, where what feels like an orgasm of the brain inspires rolling waves of howls and physical contortions, doesn't happen with every ingestion of weed, but when it does, the experience can be so profound that users never forget it.

What is responsible for this connection between ingesting weed and laughing so hard

you're forced to squat and pee in the street? On one hand, who cares? Why do birds sing so gay? Why does the mental image of a planeful of Trumps smooshed into the ground à la *Licensed to Ill* make my heart smile? Shut up and enjoy the gay birds and smooshed Trumps and maniacal laughter, idiot.

Thank anandamide,

the fatty acid neurotransmitter also known as AEA and sometimes described as "the body's own THC," which actually means "the naturally occurring chemical that THC mimics." Like AEA, THC finds a home in the body's cannabinoid receptors, triggering the mesolimbic pathway and inspiring the release of the pleasure-stimulating chemical dopamine and mood-enhancing endorphins. creating a high similar to the light euphoria one feels after exercise. Meanwhile, THC also stimulates blood flow to the cerebral cortex—specifically the frontal and temporal lobes, which MRI scans have identified as the brain's processing centers for humor. Perhaps this interplay between chemical euphoria and stimulated comedy receptors sparks the weed-based comedy orgasms treasured by so many.

Whatever the case, the connection between weed and enhanced laughter is empirically

real. I call it the Sativa Upswing, where little angel thumbs press down on the pleasure centers in my tingling brain, stretching the corners of my mouth up near my temples, and sending delight coursing through my body. And

should something comedy-shaped get thrown in my path or even just cross my mind—Dina Martina's "Bryman" commercial, Vanity 6's "If a Girl Answers (Don't Hang Up)," 30 Rock's "Werewolf Bar Mitzvah"—there's a fair chance I'll lose myself in a haze of intellectual admiration and physical convulsions.

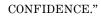
All of this got me thinking about the world of actual professional comedy and how it's being impacted in those states with legal weed. In Colorado, the Lucas Brothers—the cannabis-friendly comedy duo who flew to Denver to headline a show on 4/20—got so high on edibles and dabs they couldn't leave their dressing room. The packed show was canceled from the stage, and the Lucas Brothers apologized the next day on Twitter, explaining how they "ate edibles which caused us to get incredibly sick" and "became disoriented."

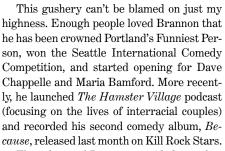
In Seattle, noting the effect legalization

has had on comics' material, Elicia Sanchez told me, "Weed jokes don't seem to be as funny to people. It's good, though, because comics who made a lot of jokes about being high have had to make their material more interesting. They can't just skate off the taboo of it anymore." Seattle comic Brett Hamil said, "Stoned people aren't normally the loudest, most uninhibited laughers. There's a lot more 'laughing on the inside."

And then there's Nathan Brannon, the

Portland comic I first encountered while judging the Seattle International Comedy Competition, where he blew my (lightly high) mind with a totally charismatic and hilarious performance. As I scrawled across my judge's ballot at the time: "IN-BLOOM STAR FORTH POWA GO  ${\bf CONQUER}$ AND THE WORLD WITH





The release of *Because* provided a perfect opportunity to gauge the particulars of weed-driven laughter. My plan: The album would be simultaneously experienced by an audience of two, one of them substantially high on weed (me), the other enjoying a couple glasses of wine (my friend Kathryn).

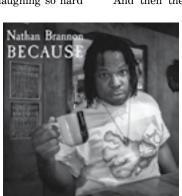
Because kicks off with a performance piece, recorded in a studio, involving Brannon being goaded into bad decisions by his

own brain. (After a tiny perceived slight, Brannon's brain demands, "Make a scene!") It's hilarious and innovative, and is followed by an hour of traditional stand-up that never quite attains the heights of the opener but is reliably,

uniquely funny. More of a storyteller than a wisecracker, Brannon leads audiences through exceedingly casual tales that build to outlandish outcomes, with him remaining relentlessly logical within his fantastic frameworks. (Key example: His marriage pact, wherein he and his wife vow that if their child ever falls into an outhouse, they will simply make another child.)

As for the stoned-versus-drunk response comparison: Both respondents laughed at virtually the same jokes, at virtually the same volume. The friendship connection outweighs the intoxicant discrepancy, it seems.

Nathan Brannon performs at Comedy Underground November 11–13, find Because on iTunes and other places. Send any and all weed-related queries to schmader@ thestranger.com.



The connection

between weed and

enhanced laughter

is empirically real.







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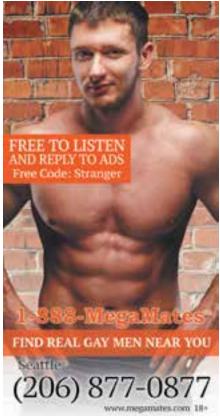




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■ officers, even when their conduct is egregious. There have been more than 213 killings by police officers in Washington State over the past decade, according to a  $Seattle\ Times$  analysis, but only one officer has ever faced homicide charges. Not one has been convicted. Most recently, Washington attorney general Bob Ferguson declined to file charges against police officers in Pasco who shot and killed Antonio Zambrano-Montes, a Latino farmworker who had thrown rocks at them and then fled. "What happened wasn't right," Ferguson said in an interview. Not filing charges against those officers, he continued, was "the most difficult decision I've had to make in my professional life."

Ferguson now supports removing "malice" from the state law.

In recent months, Initiative 873 has racked up a slate of high-profile endorsements from other officials, including Seattle mayor Ed Murray and the Seattle Police Department. The campaign says it now has about 90,000 signatures, but it needs to submit 250,000 signatures to the state by the end of 2016 in order to qualify for next year's ballot. If they don't get there, they'll run a new initiative next year.

To reach that number. Briscoe has been crisscrossing the Puget Sound region, collecting signatures at stores, drawing on connections to friends and community leaders she's made since the death of her son.

At weekly meetings in the city's Central District hosted by Not This Time, a nonprofit founded by her brother, Andre Taylor, Briscoe has reported back to attendees on the best signature-gathering methods. The crowds at the meetings have grown week by week.

**B** riscoe's first foray into activism began after the death of her son, Donald Mc-Caney, at the hands of his friend who is now in state prison. Both teenagers were 17 years old at the time.

"This is my life's work. Keeping young people alive and free," Briscoe explained over coffee inside a noisy, bustling Starbucks  $\,$ in Tacoma, where she lives with her daughter.

Her son was an aspiring filmmaker with a sunny disposition who had recently graduated with a 4.0 GPA from Camp Outlook, a high school equivalent camp for low-risk juvenile offenders. The camp closed last year due to funding cuts in the state budget.

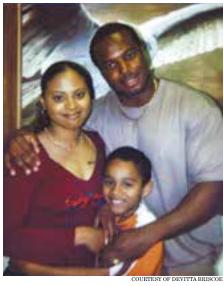
"He came out of there with honors," Briscoe recalled, smiling wistfully. "But he came back to the same environment." She lamented the lack of community centers on the eastside of Tacoma, an area described by the Tacoma News Tribune editorial board, which endorsed a new community center proposal this year, as "fraught with its hard-luck history of gun violence and poverty."

McCaney did not come home on October 3, 2010. Out with friends near a 7-Eleven, a fight broke out between rival groups of youths.

"Witnesses told police two rival gangs were engaged in a fistfight in the alley when someone pulled out a gun and fired two shots into the air in an attempt to break up the fracas." the News Tribune reported.

After he was arrested, Briscoe came to know her son's killer personally. She learned he had grown up without his father in his life, she said. The two teenagers were close friends who both ended up at the center of a rival gang fight, according to charging documents in the case. (Briscoe said her son was not a member of either gang.) The documents say Datrion Newton, the shooter, had pulled out a gun and fired at young men fighting with McCaney, inadvertently striking his own friend, and then chased after them.

Newton was "nothing but remorseful" in conversations with her. Briscoe remembered. Pierce County prosecutors noted, "The victim's mother, who is well acquainted with Defendant and has been visiting him at the jail, has told [the Detective]... that she has forgiven



**DEVITTA BRISCOE** Here with her brother, Che Taylor, and her son, Donald

Defendant and does not want to see him incarcerated for the equivalent of a life term."

Newton was sentenced to 26 years in prison the following year. The sentence represented "the high end of the standard range," according to a prosecutor quoted by the News Tribune. Newton was charged as an adult because he was almost 18 years old. Documents show Newton and his grandmother arguing in statements to the court that his public defender was not providing adequate counsel.

"I didn't get a chance to speak to my son's killer [at the trial before he went to prison]," Briscoe said. "I was going to request that he receive the lower end of the sentencing range."

"Sometimes," she said, "even perpetrators can be victims.

fter her son's death, the first thing Bris-A coe did was attend a seminar given by antiviolence educator Dr. Joseph Marshall, an award-winning author and activist and director of the group Alive & Free.

"I learned that violence was preventable," she said. "I wanted to figure out how I could be part of the solution and how I could turn my tragedy into action."

Briscoe has come to believe that both her son and his killer were victims of what she calls a "social disease"—a combination of easy access to firearms, trauma from institutional racism, gang culture, poverty, unemployment, and the absence of community services.

"There were things we could actually do reduce gun violence by looking at it through a public-health lens," Briscoe said, growing animated. "Every disease has risk factors. What can we do to reduce our risk ourselves?"

"I have to be a voice to counter a culture that says that a lot of this stuff is cool," she said. She laughs at herself—at the idea of trying to school the youngsters—before concluding darkly: "To me, it only leads to incarceration and death."

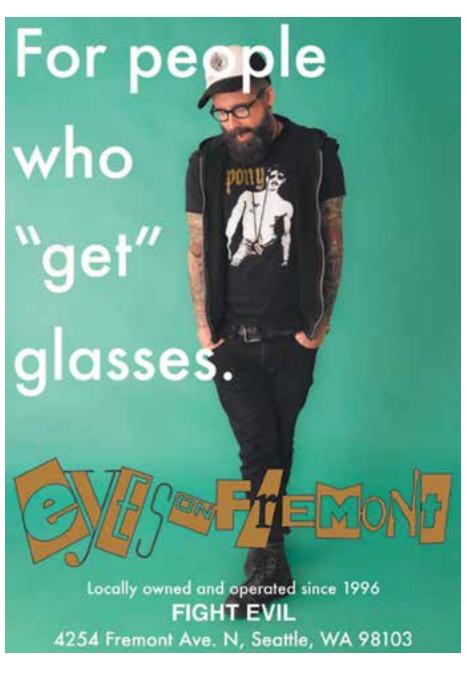
Soon after, Briscoe teamed up with police officers and gun-safety experts to talk about these issues in a panel discussion broadcast on Tacoma's public access channel. The event was organized by Melissa Cordeiro, the City of Tacoma's Gang Reduction Project coordinator. "She was very collaborative," Cordeiro said. "It's a long road that she's walking down to try to make change. To still keep pushing through and not throw in the towel—that's amazing." Cordeiro added: "She never once struck me as against police."

Briscoe went on to appear on billboards  $\,$ and bus ads and in an antiviolence TV commercial with another mother, Shalisa Hayes, who'd lost her son in another Tacoma shooting. In the three-minute commercial, titled "Lock & Unload," Briscoe talks about how "unnatural and unnerving" it is to lose one's son, how we use the words "widow" and "orphan" to mark certain familial losses but have no word for a mother who loses her child. ▶









◆The commercial concludes with a Tacoma police officer talking about responsible gun ownership. The campaign emphasized the dangers of using guns in conflict settings. and, given the proliferation of so many guns in the hands of at-risk youth, it focused on basic gun safety measures, including how to securely store firearms.

n the online world, Briscoe has been nicknamed a "Hood Pastor" by her friends on Facebook, where she dishes out sharptongued sermons about street crime and the criminal justice system in widely shared, sometimes controversial posts.

For example, she's argued in favor of socalled "snitching."

"To us it's a form of betrayal" she said in one post. "I get it, but I also personally know mothers who have laid their babies to rest with no one to come forward to bring their murderers to justice... Snitches tell on their co-defendant and testify in exchange for a lighter sentence. The motive is purely to gain something for themselves. A witness on the other hand has firsthand knowledge about the crime and can testify to what he/she witnessed. The motive of a witness is to do the right thing and personally have nothing to gain. It's a matter of principle. My sister Shalisa blames the streets

under department policy."

Briscoe vigorously contests this version of events. She believes the officers did not give her brother clear orders or give him a chance to comply with those orders. She believes he was murdered.

President Barack Obama's Task Force on 21st Century Policing recommends external investigations from outside agencies into fatal incidents like Taylor's. "In order to restore and maintain trust, this independence is crucial," the task force members wrote. The family has unsuccessfully petitioned for an independent investigation into Taylor's killing.

**B** ut Briscoe and another of her brothers, Andre Taylor, did not stop there. They began holding community meetings and turned their attention to Washington State's deadly force law-the one that makes it virtually impossible to prosecute officers for murder. Again, Briscoe was searching for a way to turn her experiences into tangible change.

By July, she was speaking at a press conference alongside Seattle City Council member Kshama Sawant, arm in arm with other families, announcing the filing of the statewide initiative to reform the law.

Briscoe drew on her connections in Tacoma to form an alliance with the Puvallup Tribe and with Native American families,

### "This is not a black problem. This is an American problem.

for the skewed definition of a snitch."

She once addressed "all the hustlers out there posting incriminating pictures and videos on social media—hope to see you on World's Dumbest Criminal!"

And in a post this summer, she reflected, "Everybody wants to prove their worth in the streets but I've seen too many of the people I love and care about end up dving, getting hooked on dope or going to prison. 9 times out of 10 the weight of the burden falls on immediate family... That's enough for me to keep preaching about people getting bamboozled into jeopardizing their life and freedom just to make a name for themselves in the streets.'

er older brother, Che Taylor, died on H February 21, 2016, during what police say was an attempt to arrest him in a North Seattle neighborhood. According to Seattle police. Taylor was carrying a gun in a holster on his hip—a violation of his felony status.

Taylor had been released from his 22-year prison sentence the previous year. He had served his time in state prisons for convictions of first-degree robbery, first-degree rape, unlawful possession of a firearm, a drug offense, and two counts of second-degree assault.

A dashcam video shows two officers, guns drawn, closing in on Taylor while he stands at the passenger side of a car parked on a residential street. The officers—Michael Spaulding and Scott Miller-said in statements they believe Taylor reached for a gun, though they have said they could not see the gun in the moments before they fired, having "lost sight of his right hip and his right hand." A firefighter said he found a holster on Taylor's body as he rendered first aid.

The officers say Taylor disobeved commands, they feared for their lives, and they were justified in opening fire, shooting Taylor multiple times. "At that time, I was afraid for my life, Scott's life, and everybody else's life 'cause I didn't think that he was willing to go to prison," Spaulding said. "So I started shooting."

The Seattle Police Department's internal Force Review Board backed the officers up after an inquiry, concluding the shooting was "reasonable, necessary, and proportional

including the family of Jacqueline Salyers, a young pregnant woman killed by Tacoma police in early 2016—justifiably, according to police and prosecutors, and unconscionably, according to her family. Briscoe had marched with the woman's family.

With the blessing of Rick Williams—the surviving brother of John T. Williams, the Native American woodcarver whose killing by police officer Ian Birk in 2010 led to federally mandated police reforms in Seattle—they named Initiative 873 after Williams, calling it the John T. Williams Bill.

Last month, Briscoe connected with the family of Andrew Law, a 36-year-old white man killed by Seattle police in 2014 in the Sodo neighborhood. Police said the shooting was justified and that Law refused commands to drop a replica handgun.

"Just because he was white, he didn't get more protection than my brother," Briscoe said, pointing out that police violence disproportionately impacts people of color, but it affects thousands of white people, too.

Since the filing of the initiative, Briscoe has gathered signatures outside gas stations, grocery stores, and casinos around Tacoma. We are making history," she said.

"She gets thrown into this work," said Minty LongEarth, her longtime friend and a member of the Seattle Community Police Commission, as she watched Briscoe lead a demonstration outside City Hall on May 5. Briscoe's shirt was emblazoned with the words "Che's Life Matters."

"This is not a black problem," Briscoe said through a megaphone, addressing the issue of police killings, her words reverberating off the glass doors of City Hall and, across the street, Seattle police headquarters. "It is an American problem."

"Maybe this is what her path is," observed LongEarth. "She just rises up and does what she's got to do... She just tries to get through change. She's got more strength than I

Initiative 873 can be signed at the weekly Wednesday 6 p.m. meetings of Not This Time, the nonprofit founded by Andre Taylor.









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## SAVAGE LOVE

#### Aaron The Side by dan savage

I am a bi man in my late 20s in a poly relationship. My primary partner's name is Erin. One of the rules she mandated is that I cannot date anyone else named Aaron or Erin. She thinks it would be confusing and awkward. Since those are fairly common names, I have had to reject other Aarons/Erins several times over the last couple of years. My name is very uncommon, so she doesn't have to worry about this on her side.

Overall, it seems like a superficial reason to have to reject someone. Is there any sort of compromise here? We haven't been able to think of any work-arounds.

 $Not\,Allowed\,Multiple\,Erins$ 

I can't count the number of gay couples I've met over the years where both men or both women had the same first name. Okay, okay, it's not a parallel circumstance, I real-

ize. But having a hard-and-fast/deal-breaky rule about names—"I can't date someone named Dan, you can't date someone named Erin, my ideal has always been to love someone of the name of Ernest"—strikes me as silly and reductive. We are not our names, and our names are not ours. (I am not the only Dan Savage out there, nor am I the only Dan Savage capable of giving decent sex advice, as my substitute Dan Savages ably demonstrated this summer.) So here's my suggested work-around, NAME: Your primary partner stops being a ridiculous control queen.

But just in case you want a second opinion...

"This poor woman wants to make sure that when her lover cries out her name, he really means her," said Dossie Easton, coauthor of *The Ethical Slut: A Practical Guide to Polyamory, Open Relationships & Other Adventures.* "I can understand this, but I'm wondering if there could be a work-around with nicknames—actually, that could get kind of sexy. 'Hey, Bear! Gimme a hug.' 'Ooh, Tiger, you are so fierce tonight!' In all seriousness, many lovers have very personal nicknames for each other, and perhaps that would make the 'Aaron/Erin' problem manageable."

Would you like a third opinion?

"It sounds like Erin has that most common of polyamorous fears: the fear of being lost in the crowd," said Franklin Veaux, coauthor of More Than Two: A Practical Guide to Ethical Polyamory, "Some folks deal with this by passing rules against taking a date to a favorite restaurant or forbidding certain pet names. It sounds like Erin is dealing with her fear by saying, 'Don't date any more Erins.' The problem is that names don't make you unique. Erin isn't special in NAME's eyes because of her name. But sometimes putting words on a fear is the first step toward eliminating it. She says dating another Erin would be 'confusing and awkward.' What does that mean? What are Erin's concerns? If it's only feeling awkward, well, being an adult means feeling awkward sometimes!'

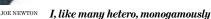
To recap: Your primary partner needs to get over it (Dan's advice), your primary partner might be mollified if you swore to use only pet names for other Aarons/Erins (Dossie's advice), keep talking and maybe your primary partner will get over it (Franklin's advice). All in all, our expert panel doesn't have a lot of sympathy for your primary partner's position. So in the interest of fairness, I'm going to offer a defense of Erin's position.

It's not uncommon for people in open relationships to insist on a rule that seems arbitrary, even capricious, to their partners. I call these rules "Brown M&Ms," a reference to 1980s hair rock band Van Halen. The band's touring contract stipulated that bowls of M&Ms be set out backstage with all the brown M&Ms removed. To see if their contract had been followed to the letter—a contract that included a lot of technical requirements for their elaborate and potentially dangerous stage shows—all the band had to do was glance at those bowls of M&Ms. If a local promoter couldn't be trusted to get something simple and seemingly arbitrary right, they couldn't be trusted to get the bigger stuff right.

And if the promoter didn't get the big stuff right, it wasn't safe for the band to perform.

Arbitrary rules in open relationships are like Van Halen's brown M&Ms: a quick way to check if you're safe. If your partner can't be trusted to not sleep with someone else in your bed, not take someone else to a favorite restaurant, not use your favorite/special/beloved sex toys with someone else, etc., perhaps they can't be trusted

to get the big things right—like ensuring your physical and emotional safety and/or primacy. So, NAME, if obeying a rule that seems silly and arbitrary makes your partner feel safe to "perform," i.e., secure enough to be in an open/poly relationship with you, then obeying their seemingly silly rule is the price of admission.



inclined single women in their 20s, have had a difficult time finding love in the Tinder age. I've been single for two years, peppered with some mundanely heartbreaking flings throughout. Recently, I met someone at work, and we've been dating for a few months. We're emotionally and politically compatible, and he is solid and kind. The only issue is that I don't feel the level of sexual chemistry that I've felt with others. Part of me feels like, at 26, I'm too young to settle in the passion department. The other part of me feels like it's a dating hellscape out there and I'd be an idiot to walk away. Please advise.

Seeking Hot And Lasting Love Or Whining?

Dating is a hellscape, SHALLOW, but it has always been thus. Before Tinder and OkCupid and FetLife came along, women (and men) complained about singles bars, blind dates, moms who gave their phones numbers to dentists, and aunts who invited the mysteriously-single/obviously-gay sons of their best friends to Thanksgiving. It wasn't unheard of for people to be single for a couple of years, and mundanely heartbreaking flings have always been a feature, never a bug.

As for the guy you've been seeing, SHAL-LOW, if the spark isn't there—no strong physical attraction—you should bail. You say you're "monogamously inclined," and that's wonderful, and I support your lifestyle choice. But monogamy would preclude entering into a companionate marriage with Mr. SolidAndKind while Messrs. ComeAndGo meet your needs in the passion department. The monogamously inclined need to prioritize strong sexual connections (chemistry) and sexual compatibility (similar interests/kinks/libidos) right along with kindness, solidity, and emotional and political compatibility.

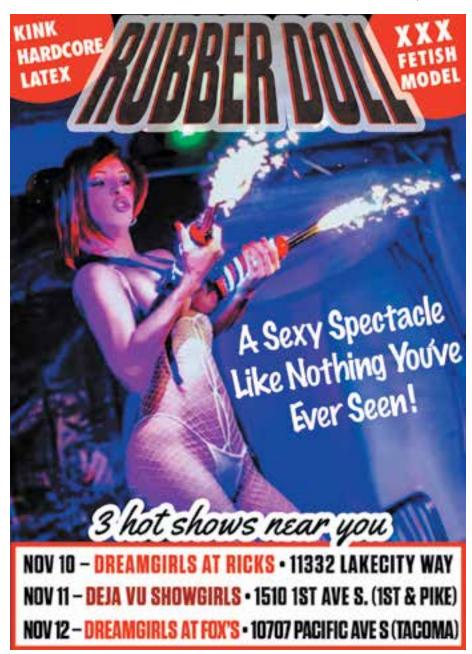
Gay trans boy here, into bondage but a nervous novice. I joined a gay kink site and got two serious offers. One was from a guy with almost no gear (a pair of handcuffs), and the other was from a guy with tons of hardcore bondage gear. I thought about something you said on your podcast (longtime listener!) about hardcore bondage gear—it looks intimidating and dangerous, but it's safer than shitty handcuffs—and wound up having a great first bondage experience in some hardcore gear. Thanks!

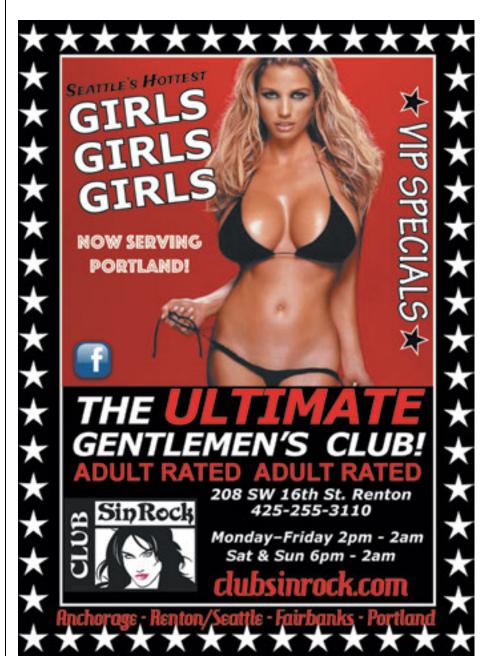
Newby Bondage Boy P.S. A note to other kinky gay trans boys: I got a few nasty messages from transphobic assholes, but I also got genuine offers from guys who were into me along with messages of support from some other guys. Go wherever you want and ignore the haters!

"Go wherever you want and ignore the haters" is good advice for everyone, NBB, not just kinky gay trans boys. Thanks for sharing!  $\blacksquare$ 

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We also recommend...

Blazing Saddles: Central Cinema, Nov 11-14, 9:30 pm, \$8

Christine: SIFF Cinema Uptown, Nov 4-5, \$12 Cinema Italian Style: SIFF Cinema Uptown, Nov 10-17, \$12/\$100

**Doctor Strange:** Various locations **Doctor Who (Animated): The Power of** the Daleks: Varsity Theater, Mon Nov 14, 7 pm, \$15

The Girl on the Train: Various locations High School: Grand Illusion, Sat Nov 12, 4 pm, \$9

Hospital: Grand Illusion, Sat Nov 12, 5:30 pm, \$9

Johnny Guitar: Scarecrow Video, Tues Nov 15, 7 pm, free

My Neighbor Totoro: Central Cinema, Nov 11-14, 7 pm, \$8

Quadrophenia: Grand Illusion, Nov 10-11, \$9 Seattle Shorts Film Festival: SIFF Film Center, Nov 11-13, \$12/\$45/\$75

Titicut Follies: Northwest Film Forum, Fri Nov 11, 7:30 pm, Sun Nov 13, 5 pm, \$11 Uncle Kent 2: Northwest Film Forum, Wed Nov 9, 8 pm, \$11

We Are X: Northwest Film Forum, Nov 9-13, \$11

The Who: The Kids Are Alright: Grand Illusion, Wed Nov 9 & Fri Nov 11, 7 pm, \$9

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com

READINGS & TALKS

### Sherman Alexie, EJ Koh, Robert Lashley

DON'T MISS If you weren't among the handful of people who caught this reading at Bumbershoot, Paul Constant and his Seattle Review of Books is giving you one more chance to see it. You want to take that chance. Sherman Alexie is Seattle's favorite literary performer, author of more than one million books across many genres, most recently the children's book Thunder Boy Jr. Pick up his latest collection of poems, What I've Stolen, What I've Earned, if you haven't already. He'll read along with poet E.J. Koh, who just won the Pleiades Press Editors Prize. Look for her book A Lesser Love next year. And then of course there's Stranger Genius Award finalist Robert Lashley, who makes poems soar off the page with his stirring reading style. His new book, Up South, is due out soon, but if you don't have his debut, The Homeboy Songs, which is about growing up in Tacoma's Hilltop neighborhood, do yourself a favor and

pick that up now. (Elliott Bay Book Company, Fri Nov 11, 7 pm, free) RICH SMITH

We also recommend...

**Gramma Poetry Press Launch Party:** Generations, Sat Nov 12, 7 pm, free Kathryn Nuernberger and Maya Jewell Zeller: Taxidermy Mermaids, the Vegetable Lamb of Tartary, and Other Marvels: Hugo House First Hill, Sun Nov 13, 4 pm, free

Kelly Luce: Elliott Bay Book Company, Mon Nov 14, 7 pm, free

Rachel Zucker: McCaw Hall, Mon Nov 14, 7:30 pm, \$15-\$75

Roxanne Dunbar-Ortiz and Dina Gilio-Whitaker: Elliott Bay Book Company, Wed Nov 9, 7 pm, free

Sacred Breath: Roger Fernandes, Payton Bordley, & Sasha LaPointe: Intellectual House, Wed Nov 9, 7 pm, free

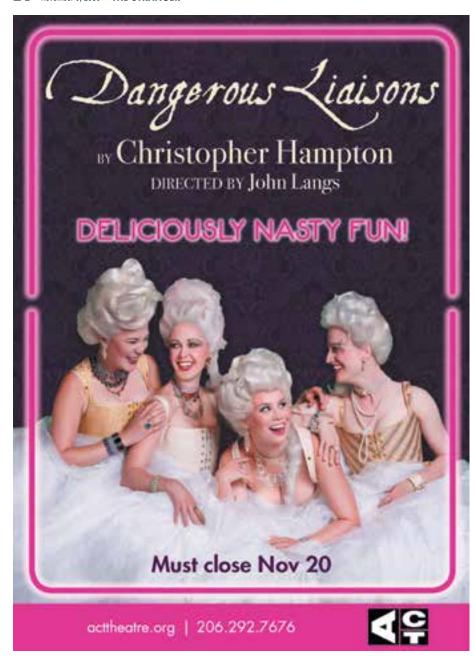
Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com

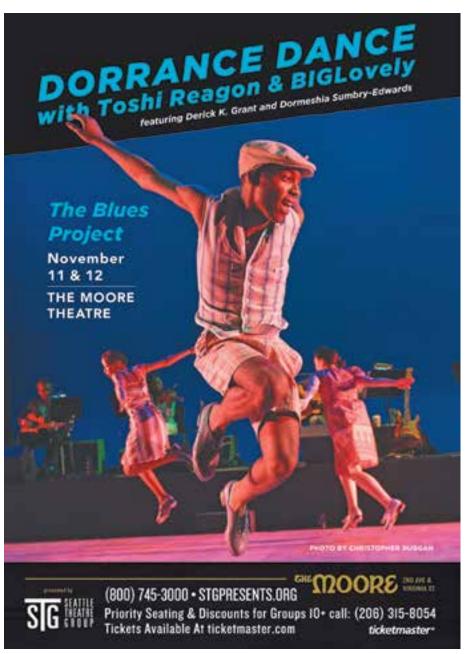
FOOD & DRINK

### **Anthony Bourdain**

DON'T MISS If you love food, you love Anthony Bourdain. Yes, he is a "food

Continued 
ightharpoonup





## THINGS TO DO ARTS & CULTURE

personality," but of all the people we watch eat on television running around out there, he is actually worth watching. Primarily, I think, because he actually has something worthwhile to say. Indeed, he has already written several books, each containing morsels of culinary (and general) wisdom on par with MFK Fisher, but written in the foul-mouthed parlance of our times. ("Don't touch my dick, don't touch my knife," famously.) Here are a couple favorites: "I've long believed that good food, good eating, is all about risk. Whether we're talking about unpasteurized Stilton, raw ovsters, or working for organized crime 'associates,' food. for me, has always been an adventure." And conversely: "Bad food is made without pride, by cooks who have no pride, and no love. Bad food is made by chefs who are indifferent, or who are trying to be everything to everybody, who are trying to please everyone." For this adventure, he'll be giving a live performance called "The Hunger" at the Paramount. The poster features him drinking (duh) and holding a pig's head on a platter. It's guaranteed to be a rollicking good time. (Paramount Theatre, Sun Nov 13, 7 pm, \$65-\$300) TOBIAS COUGHLIN-BOGUE

We also recommend...

Dine Around Seattle: Various locations. Sun-Thurs, \$22/\$33/\$44, through Nov 23 Northwest Chocolate Festival: Smith Cove Cruise Terminal, Nov 12-13, \$20-\$75

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com

#### PERFORMANCE

### **Brief Fling**

DON'T MISS Get ready for tartan tutus. The night will start with Twyla Tharp's Scottish-inspired work Brief Fling, which will be accompanied for the first time by a live orchestra. According to press materials, Tharp told previous PNB music director and principal conductor Emil de Cou that she specifically wanted the PNB Orchestra to perform the piece. Because they're special, that's why, and you should be proud of them. The second piece will stay in the UK, sort of, with Forgotten Land, choreographed by Czech master Jiri Kylian and set to Sinfonia da Requiem by Benjamin Britten. The piece is dreamy-romantic gorgeous-town and based on the paintings by Edvard Munch. Then there's Balanchine's Stravinsky Violin Concerto. (Did you really think they weren't going to toss you some Balanchine by the end of the night?) Barring any accidents or rescheduling, Stranger Genius Award finalist Noelani Pantastico will dance the lead—you'll want to see that. (Pacific Northwest Ballet at McCaw Hall, Nov 10-13, \$30-\$187) **RICH SMITH** 

We also recommend...

Big Bad: The Ballard Underground, Thurs-Sun, \$18, through Nov 19

The Big Meal: New Century Theatre Company at 12th Avenue Arts, Thurs-Mon, \$30, through Nov 19

Fly by Night: The Slate Theater, Wed-Sun, \$15/\$20, through Nov 19

Into Ice: Velocity Dance Center, Fri-Sat, 8 pm, \$20, through Nov 19

Jessica Lang Dance: Meany Hall, Nov 10-12. 8 pm. \$45-\$50

Jim Jefferies: The Unusual Punishment Tour: Paramount Theatre, Thurs Nov 10, 8 pm, \$35.75-\$45.75

John Hodgman: Vacationland: Neptune Theatre, Fri Nov 11, 8 pm, \$28 King Charles III: Seattle Repertory Theatre, Fri-Sun & Tues, 7:30 pm, \$17-\$52, through Dec 18

The Lost Girls: Annex Theatre, Thurs-Sat, 7:30 pm. \$18. through Nov 19

Medea: Seattle Shakespeare Company at Center Theater, Wed-Sun, \$27-\$45, through

The Pride: Theatre22 at 12th Avenue Arts, Thurs-Sun, \$25, through Nov 19

Roz and Ray: Seattle Repertory Theatre. Wed-Sun, 7:30 pm, \$36-\$59, through Nov 13 White Rabbit Red Rabbit: 18th & Union, Thurs-Sat & Mon, 7:30 pm, \$12-\$25, through

ART

### Three Days in **Standing Rock:** A Fundraising Photography Show

ON'T MISS Let's remember Flint, Michigan.

Flint had no water protectors, and because of that, the people were poisoned. By their water. Now hundreds of tribal members and supporters at Standing Rock in South Dakota are protecting the water on their land, and their actions are also designed to benefit millions of US citizens all along the Missouri River. The United States owes these other sovereign nations very, very many things, but the least we can do right now is admit that we owe these water protectors our basic support. We have to fund them until the water is safe, and the winter is about to get very wintery out there at Standing Rock. So don't just go to this art show to look at the photographs taken at Standing Rock by the terrific Kelly O (formerly The Stranger's staff photographer) and Alex Garland. Take whatever gets stirred up in you as you look and turn it into dollars for supplies for those on the freezing front lines. If you can't make this event, another really good one this week is the Fundraiser for Winter Shelter for Standing Rock at the Duwamish Longhouse on November 13, with stories from Matt Remle, a raffle, and music by Correo Aereo Trio with Amy Denio, Sin Fronteras, Star Nayea, Paul Che Oke Ten Wagner, and Annie O'Neill. If fundraisers in general just aren't your thing, you can donate directly at the Standing Rock Sioux Tribe's website (Dakota Access Pipeline Donation Fund), to the Official Sacred Stone Camp on GoFundMe, or to Sacred Stone Legal Defense Fund on FundRazr. (Vermillion, opening Thurs Nov 10, 6-9 pm. free, through Dec 3) JEN GRAVES

We also recommend...

#### ART EVENTS

Ben Beres and Amanda Manitach: Under the Tuscan Sun: Calypte Gallery, Thurs Nov 10, 5:30-8:30 pm, free

Capitol Hill Art Walk: Capitol Hill, Thurs Nov 10, 5-8 pm, free

CoCA's 24th Annual 24-Hour Art Marathon & Auction: The Summit Building. Thurs Nov 10, 6-9 pm, Sat Nov 12, 5:30-10 pm, By Donation/\$140

Erin Elyse Burns: Unfolding: El Capitan Apartments, Thurs Nov 10, 7-10 pm, free Full of Roses: Fred Wildlife Refuge, Thurs Nov 10, 6 pm, free

Georgetown Art Attack: Various venues. Sat Nov 12, 6-9 pm, free

Kitchen Sessions: Kara Walker, Curated by Imani Sims: Bellevue Arts Museum, Wed Nov 9, 6:30-8:30 pm, \$15 Open Studios: Sunny Arms, Sat Nov 12.

12-7 pm. free

## THINGS TO DO ARTS & CULTURE



Out of Line: Explorations in Material, Texture, Form: The Factory, Nov 10-12, free

#### **MUSEUMS**

30 Americans: Tacoma Art Museum, Tues-Sun, \$14, through Jan 15, 2017 African Renaissances: Seattle Art Museum, Wed-Mon, \$20, through July 16, 2017 **Black Bodies in Propaganda**: Northwest African American Museum, \$7, ongoing **Emancipating the Past: Kara Walker's** Tales of Slavery and Power: Bellevue Arts Museum, Bellevue, Tues-Sun, \$12, through Nov 27

**Everything has been material for** scissors to shape: Wing Luke Museum, Tues-Sun, \$14.95, through April 16 Go Tell It: Civil Rights Photography: Seattle Art Museum, Wed-Mon, \$20, through Jan 8

Gu Xiong: A River of Migration: San Juan Islands Museum of Art (SJIMA), Friday Harbor, Thurs-Mon, \$10, through Nov 28 **MOTHA and Chris E. Vargas present:** Transhirstory in 99 Objects: Henry Art Gallery, Wed-Sun, \$10, through June 4 Terratopia: The Chinese Landscape in Painting and Film: Asian Art Museum, Wed-Sun, \$9, through Feb 26 To: Seattle | Subject: Personal: Frye Art Museum, Tues-Sun, free, through Jan 8 Victoria Haven: Blue Sun: Olympic Sculpture Park, free, through March 2017 Yves Saint Laurent: The Perfection of Style: Seattle Art Museum, Wed-Mon,

#### GALLERIES

\$24.95, through Jan 8

Amir Zaki: Survey 1999-2015: James Harris Gallery, Wed-Sat, free, through Nov 19 Coast to Coast - WEST: Washington State Convention & Trade Center, Mon-Fri, free, through Jan 11

Come Hell or High School: Push/Pull, free, through Nov 10

Danielle Andress: Twilight Gallery, Tues-Sun, free, through Dec 4

**Deborah Faye Lawrence: Open Carry**: 4Culture, Mon-Fri, free, through Dec 1 **Emily Gherard: Making Presence** Known: Bridge Productions, opening reception Sat Nov 12, 6-9 pm, Wed-Sat, free, through Dec 3

**Enduring Freedom: Eugene Richards:** Photographic Center Northwest, Sat-Thurs, free, through Nov 13

Fernanda D'Agostino: Generativity: Suyama Space, Mon-Fri, free, through Dec 16 in-dig-e-nize: Daybreak Star Center, Mon-Fri, free, through Dec 1

Jeffrey Simmons: Greg Kucera Gallery, Tues-Sat, free, through Dec 23

Jessica Jorgensen: A Quiet Truth: AXIS Pioneer Square, Mon-Fri, free, through Nov 28 Just Visiting: SOIL, Thurs-Sun, free, through Nov 26

Kiss Fear: BONFIRE, Wed-Sat, free, through Jan 28

Laura Allen: Intelligent Life: Twilight Gallery, opening reception Thurs Nov 10, 6-9 pm, Tues-Sun, free, through Dec 4 manuel arturo abreu: resilience: INCA,

Wed-Sat, free, through Nov 26 Mark Calderon: Greg Kucera Gallery, Tues-

Sat, free, through Dec 23 Michelle Anderst: Seven: New Work: Ghost Gallery, opening reception Thurs Nov

10, 5-9 pm, Thurs-Sun, free, through Dec 4 MKNZ: Cumulative Deposits (of you inside me): Glassbox Gallery, Wed-Sat, free, through Nov 23

Pick Your Poison: Politics in Print: Davidson Galleries, Tues-Sat, free, through Nov 26 Robots Building Robots: Hedreen Gallery, Wed-Sat, free, through Dec 10

Tatyana Ostapenko: Other People's Borscht: Stumptown Coffee, free, through

W. Scott Trimble: METHOD, Fri-Sat, free, through Nov 12

Warren Dykeman: Would I go home again?: Studio E Gallery, Fri-Sat, free, through Dec 3

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com

#### When There Were Angels

DON'T MISS Prepare to be moved by Robert Roth's new play, When There Were Angels, the story of a young man who runs away from his quiet Midwest home to pursue a life of adventure in San Francisco's North Beach. Naturally, along the way he finds love, tragedy, and himself. It's a topic that Roth knows a thing or two about, having lived a similar adventure himself before he settled into the loving embrace of Seattle and founded the excellent Jetspace Magazine. A handful of "radical hospitality tickets" will be available for people for whom ticket prices are a barrier, and sponsor tickets are available for folks who'd like to help make more programs like these possible. (Gay City, Thurs-Sun, 7:30 pm, \$15-\$20, through Nov 20) MATT BAUME

We also recommend...

Cucci's Critter Barn: Kremwerk, Sat Nov 12, 7 pm, \$5/\$10. 21+

Filmmaker's Talk: Margaret Mullin: Hotel Sorrento, Tues Nov 15, 7 pm, free Rapture: Americano & Mika Wish: Timbre Room, Sat Nov 12, 10 pm-2 am, \$8

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com





# **Gobble Up These Tasty Tunes!**



**Teddy Thompson & Kelly Jones** Little Windows Also on vinyl Live at the Triple Door 11/16



Inocent Victims & Evil Companions Live: That Hot Pink Blues Album Live live at El Corazon 11/11



**Night Beats** 

Who Sold My Generation Also on vinyl Live at the Nectar Lounge 11/12



Cakes Da Killa Hedonism Also on vinyl



**Two Tongues** Two



Suzanne Vega Lover Be Loved Also on vinyl Live at the Triple Door 11/16



Keb' Mo' Also on vinyl



Savoy Motel Savoy Motel Also on vinyl



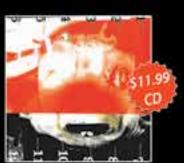
Umphrey's McGee Zonkey Available 11/18



Brotherhood Of The Snake Also on vinyl



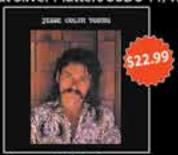
Kelsea Ballerini The First Time



**Pixies** Head Carrier Also on vinyl



Mike Doughty The Heart Watches While The Brain Burns Live at Silver Platters SoDo 11/15



Jesse Colin Young Song For Juli Vinyl only



Meshuggah The Violent Sleep Of Reason Also on vinyl



Jones New Skin Also on vinyl



**Violent Femmes** We Can Do Anything Also on vinyl



Candlebox Disappearing In Airports Also on vinyl Live at the Neptune 11/17



**Knocked Loose** Laugh Tracks Also on vinyl



Sabaton The Last Stand Also on vinyl

Sale Ends 12/13/2016







#### WEDNESDAY 11/9

#### Pansy Division, Sashay, Pink Parts, DJ Mister Sister

(Funhouse) Since the early 1990s, San Francisco queercore legends Pansy Division have dished out hilarious pop-punk championing while also criticizing queer culture with a lovable and jokev perspective ("Dick of Death." "Groovy Underwear"). Though times have changed and support/acceptance has increased for LGBTQ rights since the band was opening for Lookout Records labelmates Green Day in 1994, 25 years later, they are still writing about gay sex and relationships to a cult fan base. Pansy Division's latest record, Quite Contrary, remains lighthearted yet intensely political. On "Blame the Bible." they take a big. culturally relevant stab at right-wing, Bible-thumping politicians: "He's redesigned the Bible's libel to justify his hate." The night remains profoundly queer, with support from beloved local punks Sashay and promising newcomers Pink Parts. **BRITTNIE FULLER** 

#### Descendents, Bully, Broadway Calls

(Neptune, all ages, Nov 9-10) Back in the early 1980s. Descendents were one of the first bands that turned many kids on to hardcore. It was kinda easy, as they were one of the only bands that were somewhat melodic, hooky, and sang about the issues most weirdo suburban teenagers had to deal with: alienation, authority, dead-end wage-slave futures, and asshole jocks—and identifying with 'em was all too easy. Oh, and Descendents made fart jokes. So they were PERFECT. Their current live set list contains all, no ALL, the hits, shits, and a couple new jams. Yeah,

"new jams," as they're touring in support of their new LP, Hypercaffium Spazzinate. The album is good, it sounds like the Descendents, so no surprises! MIKE NIPPER

#### Earshot Jazz Festival: Vijay Iyer and Wadada Leo Smith

(Benaroya Hall, all ages) Vijay Iyer, son of Tamil immigrants to the United States, plays mostly piano, got a degree in physics from Yale, and went to UC Berkeley. He's smarter than most of us will ever be and focuses on the psychology of music, and he reads at least as well as he sounds, but he still swings. He bends classical constructions to make them sound a bit like jazz, and the other way around. Wadada Leo Smith started out making an album by himself on trumpet, plus an orchestra of noisemakers. He's grown slightly less hell-bent-for-leather and recruited a sympatico band. His new record is titled America's National Parks, whose rich, eco-vibrating soundscapes take as much time and deep vibes as they need. Smith hasn't visited many of the parks he enshrines musically. I applaud the audacity. **ANDREW HAMLIN** 

#### THURSDAY 11/10

#### Crater, Natasha Kmeto, DJAO

(Barboza) I've already effusively written about Crater, a group that I hope influences more local artists with their declarative electronic poetry, so I'll try to contain myself here before rhapsodizing about their skill sets again. For equally powerful synth work and throaty, oceanic vocals, turn to their bill partner Natasha Kmeto, a Portland jewel who should be drowning in awards and accolades at this point. Her 2015 release Inevitable remains one

of my favorite albums from the last decade by a Northwest artist; it's rife with high notes carried through clashing tonal arches befitting a chapel-bound dance party. Inevitable is intensely freeing, simultaneously romantically mature and with a childlike sense of creative wonder, like what I'd dream an Aalivah or Kelly Price cameo on a Minimal Wave Tapes track would sound like. KIM SELLING

#### **Action Potential One Year** Anniversary: Project Pablo, D. Tiffany, René Najera, Baby Sam & Ferg

(Kremwerk) Respect to Action Potential for making it through an outstanding first year. Cecilia Corsano-Leopizzi and Nick Carroll's curatorial acumen has been sharp so far. One of the most adventurous newish club nights in Seattle, its bookings have included Jlin, Kangding Ray, Laurel Halo, Erika, Inga Copeland, Raica, and Big Phone. For tonight's show, Action Potential brings in Montreal producer Project Pablo (aka Patrick Holland), with his skewed, blissed-out house music taking the genre to exceptionally heady dimensions. Check out his 2015 album I Want to Believe on Vancouver's 1080p label for proof. Fellow Canadian artist D. Tiffany (aka DJ Zozi, aka Sophie Sweetland) similarly explores the more cerebral realms of house while still keeping one foot swiveling obliquely on the dance floor. Happy birthday, Action Potential, and thanks for all the crucial sounds. DAVE SEGAL

#### FRIDAY 11/11

#### **Sturgill Simpson**

(Paramount, all ages) So much negativity has come to pass since April. Between the celebrity deaths, political climate, and new Russian nukes, you'd be forgiven for forgetting that country maverick Sturgill Simpson released his third album, A Sailor's Guide to Earth, which is a shame, since it's the brightest ray of sunshine this year aside from maybe that little bird landing on Bernie's podium. That's fine, Simpson is going to play it for us. And while its predecessor, Metamodern Sounds in Country Music, will probably go down as the more classic record, Guide is a real masterpiece. Simpson's secret ingredient? A massive Memphis funk brass section that gives his new tunes a hot urgency to balance out his relentless optimism. JOSEPH SCHAFER

#### SATURDAY 11/12

#### Shovels & Rope, Indianola

(Showbox Sodo, all ages) Witnessing the rise of this swampy, seedy, sweaty, sublime duo from side stages and small clubs to bigger and better stages over the past five years has been a thrilling confirmation that despite all the horrible cognitive dissonance going on in the world today, sometimes we really can agree on something that matters. Regardless of your disposition to the lousy term "Americana, Shovels & Rope have more heart, skill, and power than any 10 pious, harmony-drenched septets desperately trying to locate the indiefolk revival they thought they had concealed in their beards. Drummer/quitarist/singer Cary Ann Hearst is a major star, and so is her husband/bandmate/drummer/guitarist/singerMichael Trent—the only reason you may not notice this is because he's standing right next to her. But together they're one of the only bands I feel confident recommending to everyone who isn't dead inside. SEAN NELSON

Continued ▶



DECEMBER 8 | 8:00PM

NOVEMBER 12 9:00PM

AN INTIMATE SOLO / ACOUSTIC LISTENING PERFORMANCE BY

DECEMBER 14 8:30PM

NOVEMBER 28 8:30PM

DECEMBER 16 9:00PM

DECEMBER 2 8:00PM

SAY THIS TO YOU" DECEMBER 20 | 8:30PM

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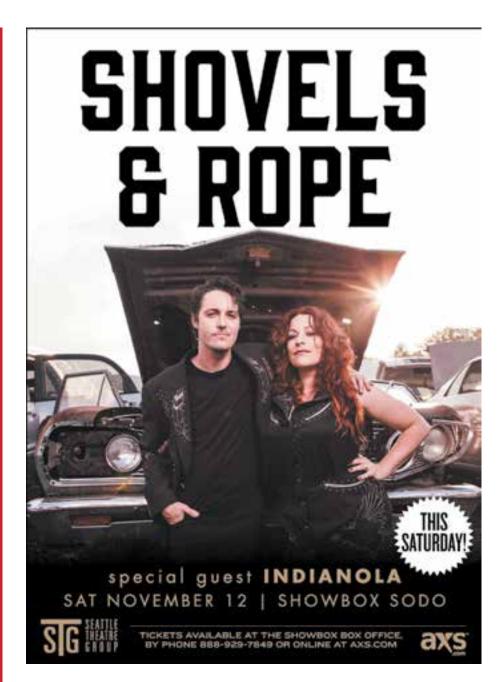
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## THINGS TO DO MUSIC

#### D.O.A., Coffin Break, Boxcutter

(El Corazon, all ages) Hardcore historians often argue about who was first. Some say Washington, DC's Bad Brains were the first to push punk to the next level, while others point to Black Flag as the true pioneers. Any of these arguments would be incomplete without acknowledging the importance of the now-legendary Vancouver band D.O.A. and specifically their breakthrough album, Hardcore 81. It was raw, packed a punch, and most importantly gave a name to the movement. Thirty-five years and 14 studio albums later, D.O.A. are still going strong. Surviving with one original member—Joey "Shithead" Keithley—and a rotating cast. these scene-starting originals seemingly will go on for as long as Keithley can sing and play guitar. **KEVIN DIERS** 

#### Vibragun, Merso, Freeway Park

(Central) Formerly known as Leatherdaddy, Seattle quartet Merso have cut an unusually ambitious new full-length for Good to Die Records titled Red World. It's a firmament-strafing prog-rock opus that flaunts exceptional dynamics and melodies that virtuosically pluck heart strings. Sure, it possesses some of the heaviness that fans have come to expect from Good to Die, but Red World is more of an emotional roller coaster of an experience than a headbanger's banquet. In some ways, Merso recall fellow Seattleites Wah Wah Exit Wound in their complex convolutions, albeit in a less noisy context. Merso singer Tristan Sennholz's falsetto curlicues gracefully around the artfully surprising arrangements, and the album is one of those

intense journeys that reveal new intricacies with each listen. DAVE SEGAL

#### Seguentia

(Benaroya Hall, all ages, Nov 12-13) What Sequentia do is like sci-fi for the past. Sequentia are an ensemble led by Paris-based Benjamin Bagby, whose "art is speculative reconstruction," wrote Allan Kozinn of the New York Times in 2012. For this program, Bagby and Cambridge University musicologist Sam Barrett have created reconstructions of how Boethius's classical text Consolation of Philosophy was performed in European monastic centers between the 9th and 12th centuries. Whoa! To me, that sounds like nerd heaven. Okav. but if you think you are not nerdy enough for this, then consider that Boethius wrote his text about the nature of evil, God, and happiness while awaiting execution for treason, and in the late 19th century, these poems were called "by far the most interesting example of prison literature the world has ever seen." So hear the medieval monks sing the superlative pagan. **JEN GRAVES** 

#### The Beach Boys: 50 Years of Good Vibrations

(Paramount, all ages) If you're going to accept the premise that oldies tours, however square, are basically harmless fun, you're eventually going to have to admit that it's fine for the Beach Boys to do a "50 Years of Good Vibrations" tour without Brian (or any other) Wilson. The current iteration of the group features lead singer Mike "I thought TM was supposed to make you less of an asshole" Love, Bruce Johnston, and a bunch

of ringers, offering a 40-song set heavy on the surf/car/girl songs that were always the best thing about the Beach Boys. As the tour name indicates, you'll get "Good Vibrations," a strong contender for greatest artwork of the 20th century. Because Mike Love is at the helm, you'll also get "Kokomo," a strong contender for the nadir of Western civilization. Bonus: If you have any strength left over for confronting Trump supporters for the hell they've been putting us all through, this show is guaranteed to be a target-rich environment, because the Beach Boys have always been the true sound of the Republican jock oppressor. Fun, fun, fun, indeed. SEAN **NELSON** 

#### **SUNDAY 11/13**

#### Purling Hiss, Bigfoot Wallace & His Wicked Sons, Psychic Death

(Chop Suey, all ages) Mike Polizze, founder of Philadelphia's Purling Hiss, emerged from the same guitar-centric scene as Kurt Vile and Steve Gunn, but while those singer-guitarists left bands to record under their own names, his outfit grew from a one-man operation into a trio. On the basis of their discography, including this year's incendiary High Bias, they would fit right in with the post-Paisley Underground acts to record for SST in the 1980s and 1990s, like Dinosaur Jr. and Das Damen (wiggy videos filled with VHS-era optical effects only reinforce the throwback impression). Purling Hiss's studio approach involves slightly twangy vocals, power-pop hooks, and an indestructible wall of guitar. On stage, Polizze, bassist Dan Provenzano, and drummer









## NEUMOS **COMING UP NEXT**

TUESDAY 11/8 FREE! **ELECTION NIGHT** EXTRAVAGANZA

THURSDAY 11/10 SPG AND THE VICES

COHO + LANFORD BLACK + SUNDOG

THURSDAY 11/17

### **SOL'S HAITI RELIEF SHOW**

THE PHYSICS + GIFTED GAB + ARIANA DEBOO

> FRIDAY 11/18 OM

**DANIEL HIGGS** 

WEDNESDAY 11/23

### INDUSTRIAL REVELATION

D'VONNE LEWIS' LIMITED EDITION + NICK DRUMMOND BAND

SATURDAY 11/26 **POLYRHYTHMICS COUNTRY LIPS** 

**SUNDAY 11/27** 

DRAGONETTE **GIBBZ** 

THURSDAY 12/1 **MOON DIAL** 

MYRRUM + BIGFOOT WALLACE AND HIS WICKED SONS

## BARBOZA **COMING UP NEXT**

WEDNESDAY 11/9 RDGLDGRN **DOWN NORTH** 

THURSDAY 11/10 CRATER + NATASHA KMETO

DJAO

FRIDAY 11/11 THESE PEOPLE HERE

TAPE STACKS + TINFOIL AND TAPE

**SUNDAY 11/13** MAX FROST

SINCLAIR + THE YOUNG WILD

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## THINGS TO DO MUSIC

Ben Leaphart stretch the material into louder, heavier, more feedback-drenched configurations. KATHY FENNESSY

#### Daughters, the Body, Loma Prieta

(Highline) When Daughters started, they were part of the lineage of late-'90s spaz-grind bands that cranked through a dozen songs in a dozen minutes, aiming for little more than to make as much racket and cause as much destruction as possible. But by the time the band released their sophomore album, Hell Songs, in 2006, they'd ditched the unrestrained blast-and-breakdown template of their peers in favor of a methodically precise, razor-sharp amalgam of no wave's kinetic fits, hardcore's heft, and the Birthday Party's rancorous drawl. It was a polarizing move, and the obvious pitfalls that plague artists who thrive on antagonism finally killed Daughters in 2009. Difficult art is rarely recognized in its time, and consequently the band's reunion shows have been a well-deserved victory lap.  $\ensuremath{\mathbf{BRIAN}}$   $\ensuremath{\mathbf{COOK}}$ 

#### MONDAY 11/14

#### Grim Reaper, Substratum, Skelator, DJ Roaringblood

(Highline) If you've kept up with these pages, you've seen this story before: underappreciated European heavy-metal band on the road to success breaks up in its prime, lies dormant for years, and then returns, bolstered by a new internet-generated fan base. So it goes with Grim Reaper, Well, Steve Grimmett's Grim Reaper. The lead singer remains the sole original member for this personification of

death. And while that earns some legacy acts a hard no from metal prudes (yes, they exist, and they are legion), this Reaper's scythe remains sharp. Grimmett and his three hired hands just released Walking in the Shadows. the band's first record since the 1980s, and it's worthy of their legacy. JOSEPH SCHAFER

#### TUESDAY 11/15

#### The Gotobeds, Private Room, Listen Lady

(Sunset) Put your trust in a band whose name was inspired by Wire's drummer. Pittsburgh quartet the Gotobeds ladle nonironic passion, smart songwriting, and motivational dynamics into ve olde clangular™ post-punk template, and come out winning. Their lean, sinewy songs nestle in your memory with nettlesome catchiness, as evidenced by their 2014 debut LP on Gerard Cosloy's 12XU label, Poor People Are Revolting, and their 2016 Sub Pop debut full-length, Blood//Sugar// Secs//Traffic. Biting cynicism and an inspirational truculence mark the Gotobeds' tight. blue-collar songs, which sound like amalgams of the best elements from Wire's Pink Flag and Pavement's Slanted and Enchanted. Also, respect to the Gotobeds for coining the phrase "gluten free jam rock." DAVE SEGAL

#### Denzel Curry, Boogie, Yoshi Thompkins

(Neumos, all ages) Carol City, Florida, rapper Denzel Curry has been touring like a maniac as of late (this is his second trip through town this year), but it'd be misquided to say he's

flooding the market. Curry's amped style makes tracks from this year's Imperial beg to be heard live, and going ham in a room full of revelers might be the most authentic DC experience you can get. In addition, he's a profound societal reporter on the mic, and a couple of his recent deep cuts actually play with a slightly West Coast stoner sound, both of which should make a room full of blunt-chugging West Coasters even happier. TODD HAMM

#### Elevator: Jenny Hval, Nordra, **American Nudism**

(Kremwerk) With albums like 2011's Viscera, 2013's Innocence Is Kinky, and 2014's Apocalypse, girl, Norway's Jenny Hyal proved herself a provocative singer/songwriter/producer unafraid to examine gender roles and erotic impulses with idiosyncratic iconoclasm. Their artful songs flit from Young Marble Giants-like fragile beauty to Robert Wyatt-like poignancy to Biörk-ian electronic eccentricity. Hyal even taps into a sublimely mournful ambient realm that recalls the exalted newage excursions of Laraaii and Ariel Kalma on Apocalypse's "Holy Land." Her newest album, Blood Bitch, is a concept album revolving around menstruation, Virginia Woolf's novel Orlando, and 1970s horror and exploitation films. Produced by Hval and renowned noise musician Lasse Marhaug, it's her most streamlined, electronic full-length, featuring production techniques that accentuate her dulcet, icv vocal tones, but it also contains her most harrowing track, "The Plague." There will be blood. DAVE SEGAL











#### A TRANSGENDER STORY, A NEW OPERA EXPERIENCE.

Join Seattle Opera for the Northwest Premiere of the intimate chamber opera As One, a contemporary exploration of a transgender protagonist's journey told through two voices. With empathy and humor, we experience Hannah's youthful challenges in a small town, her quest for knowledge and understanding. her discovery of the larger trans community, and her inspiring journey to be true to herself. As One is performed at the historic Washington Hall in the heart of the Central District.

SEATTLEOPERA.ORG/ASONE

November 11, 17, 18, and 19 at 7:30PM November 13 at 4:00PM Tickets: \$25° & \$40 Washington Hall, 153 14th Ave Performances are 21+ with cash bar

"\$25 tickets for As One are in the balcony and may have partial view due to the balcony railing.

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# THINGS TO DO MUSIC

## The Best of the Rest of the Shows This Week

strangerthingstodo.com > @SEAshows

★ = Recommended

All Ages

#### WED 11/9

#### LIVE MUSIC

BARBOZA RDGLDGRN with Down North, 8 pm, \$12 @ EL CORAZON Assuming

We Survive, Avion Roe, JV, W16, Pine Box Drive, 7 pm, \$10/\$12 HIGHWAY 99 Wasted

Words: An Allman Brothers Tribute, 8 pm, \$7 **★ ② IAZZ ALLEY** Leo

Kottke, Through Nov 9, 7:30 pm, \$37.50 **NECTAR** Chris Webby with

Skrizzly Adams, 8 pm. \$16 **★ 0** PANTAGES THEATER Neko Case, 8 pm, \$34.50

THE ROYAL ROOM Amanda Winterhalter CD Release Show, 7:30 pm, \$10

**★ © THE SHOWBOX** Andra Chloe x Halle, 8 pm,

SLIM'S LAST CHANCE The **SUBSTATION** SeaStar, Tobias the Owl, Champagne Honeybee, 8 pm-midnight,

SUNSET TAVERN Bears and Other Carnivores, Trevor Borden, Kathleen Murray,

**O TRIPLE DOOR** William Fitzsimmons with Laura Burhenn of The Mynabirds, 7:30 pm, \$18/\$21

CENTRAL SALOON ned Out II: A Benefit for Emerald City Pet Rescue, 6 pm, \$5

O NIGHTCLUB FWD: Salva. TIMBRE ROOM Aesthetic Mess, 9 pm-2 am

#### THURS 11/10

#### LIVE MUSIC

**BLUE MOON TAVERN** The Black Tones, Danny Denial, Science Ficiton, 9 pm, \$5 CENTRAL SALOON Jetpack

Brigade, Psygma, Andy the Warg, 9 pm-midnight **COLUMBIA CITY THEATER** Glen Phillips of Toad the Wet Sprocket with Jonathan Kingham, Nov 10-11, 7 pm, \$25

\* O CROCODILE Fishbone, Larry & His Flask, 8 pm, \$20

@ EL CORAZON Clash of Cultures International

Hiphop Show with G2 and Keezy, 7 pm, \$27.50/\$32 ★ FRED WILDLIFE

REFUGE Full of Roses: Lauren Rodriguez, Abigail Swanson, Bad Luck, Nordra, Abbey Blackwell, 6 pm, free HIGH DIVE Oliver Franklin. Caela Bailey, Heather Thomas, 8 pm, \$12/\$15 HIGHLINE Vektor Black

Fast, Xoth, Sarcalogos, Lb!, 8 pm, \$10/\$13 HIGHWAY 99 Kevin Andrew

Sutton and the Northwest All-Stars, 8 pm, \$7 **NECTAR** Crow on the

Canyon, Front Country, Devin Sinha, 8 pm, \$10 NEUMOS SPG and the Vices, COHO, Lanford Black, Sundog, 8 pm. \$10 **★ 0** PANTAGES THEATER

Kris Kristofferson, 7:30 pm \$29-\$110 RENDEZVOUS Locksmith

with J. Lately and Guests, 8 pm, \$10/\$12

**THE SHOWBOX** Rising Appalachia with Dustin Thomas, 8 pm, \$20/\$25

**SUBSTATION** Whythre, Rending Sinew, The 5th Year, 8 pm, \$6

SUNSET TAVERN The Wild Reeds, Valley Queen, 9 pm, \$12

TOWN HALL Ampersand Live, 7:30 pm, \$10/\$45 ★ @ TRIPLE DOOR Iris Dement, 8 pm, \$37,50/\$40

O VERA PROJECT Malachi, Who Saw, Ralphy Davis, Guests, 7 pm, \$10/\$12

#### JAZZ

★ BARCA Jazz at Barca: Phil Sparks Trio, Adam Kessler, and Guests, 9 pm,

JAZZ ALLEY Norman Brown, Nov 10-13, 7:30 pm, \$35.50 PINK DOOR Bric-a-Brac, 8

O SEATTLE ART MUSEUM Art of Jazz: Eugenie Jones, 5:30-7:30 pm, free

#### DJ

★ LO-FI Emerald City Soul Club 11th Annual Rare Soul

O NIGHTCLUB Studio 4/4: Soul Clap, 9 pm-2 am, \$14 TIMBRE ROOM Hype Thursdays, 9 pm-1 am,

**★ ②** BENAROYA HALL Pictures At An Exhibition, 7:30 pm, \$22-\$122

#### FRI 11/11

#### LIVE MUSIC

BARBOZA These People Here, Tape Stacks, Tinfoil and Tape, 7 pm, \$8 BLUE MOON TAVERN Cold

Comfort, La Fonda, Silver Ships, Hannah Yeun, 9 pm, \$5 **CAFE RACER** Willie and the Whips, Dobreros, Zelda Starfire, 9-11:30 pm

CENTRAL SALOON The

Gyrating Hips, The Gifted Program, Eye The Kae, 9 pm-midnight, \$5 O CHAPEL PERFORMANCE

SPACE Satchel Henneman: New Works For Guitar, 7:30 pm, \$5-\$15 COLUMBIA CITY THEATER Glen Phillips of Toad the Wet Sprocket with Jonathan Kingham, Through Nov 11, 7 pm, \$25

O CROCODILE Timeflies, EL CORAZON Roger Clyne

& The Pacemakers with
Darci Carlson, 7 pm, \$20/\$25 THE FUNHOUSE Bill Carter with Eric Apoe, 8 pm, \$12/\$15 HARD ROCK CAFE Creme

Tangerine Gives Thanks for Northwest Harvest, 8 pm, \$10/\$15 HIGH DIVE American Island,

The Requisites, Afterwords, Item, 8 pm, \$8/\$12 O HOLLOW EARTH RADIO

Desert of Hiatus, Nación de Humo, Raschig Process, 9 pm-midnight, \$7

THE KRAKEN BAR & LOUNGE Four Lights, Buddy Jackson, Young Go Hards, Ol Doris, 9 pm, \$5 NECTAR Head For The Hills, Sweet Lou's Sour Mash.

Rain City Ramblers, 8 pm, \$10/\$15 RE-BAR Quiver: Guests

THE ROYAL ROOM The Golden Road, Crystal Beth & The Boom Boom Band, Being John McLaughlin, Skerik, 7 pm-2 am, free

O THE SHOWBOX Watsky

Witt Lowry, Daye Jack, Chukwudi Hodge, 9 pm, \$20/\$22

SKYLARK CAFE & CLUB The Science of Deduction, Spider Ferns, The Walking Wounded, 9 pm, \$7

SLIM'S LAST CHANCE The Riffbrokers, Red Heart Alarm, Steeltoe Metronome, 9 pm, \$5

**STUDIO SEVEN** One Gun Shy, Emanon, Public Theater, 7 pm, \$10/\$13

**SUBSTATION** Rap Gho\$t, Kixxie Siete, Artie McCraft, 5-9 pm, \$5 SUNSET TAVERN Purple

Mane, Service Providers, DJ Danger Nun, DJ Sheila Whee!, 9 pm, \$10 **★ ②** TACOMA DOME

TOWN HALL Amira: Oueen f Sevdah, 7:30 pm, \$45/\$55 ★ @ TRIPLE DOOR Andy

McKee, Nov 11-12, 8 pm, \$25 TRIPLE DOOR MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE

Bad News Botanists, 9 pm. free; Happy Hour: Swing 3PO, 5 pm O VERA PROJECT

#### Resonata, Essex, Qreepz, Echavox, Bitwvlf, Black Visor, 8 pm, \$8/\$10

#### JAZZ

★ ② BENAROYA HALL Sonic Evolution with Earshot Jazz, 8 pm, \$21-\$30 JAZZ ALLEY Norman Brown,

Through Nov 13, \$35,50 LATONA PUB Phil Sparks Trio, 5 pm, free

O TULA'S Earshot Jazz: Tarik Abouzied, Joe Doria, Dan Balmer, Damian Erskine, 7:30 pm, \$20

#### DJ

CHOP SUEY RUFF Seattle with DJs Del Stamp & Freddy King of Pants, 9 pm-2 am, \$10/\$15 CONTOUR Sinister, 9:30

KREMWERK Noise Complaint with Jimmy Edgar, 9 pm, \$15

★ LO-FI Emerald City Soul Club 11th Annual Rare Soul NEUMOS Bootie Seattle:

Britney vs. Taylor, 9 pm, \$10

R PLACE Transcendence: with DJ E, 9:30 pm SUBSTATION Deeper Roots: Uniting Souls and Guests, 10 pm, \$10; Christian Martin, 10 pm-3:59 am, \$15

TIMBRE ROOM Foolish Fridays, 9 pm-2 am, \$5 before 10pm/\$10 after **★ VERMILLION** The Jam

#### CLASSICAL 415 WESTLAKE Darkness

Visible, 8 pm, \$45

O ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL Concert On The Flentrop Organ: The Music Of Max Reger (1873-1916), 7:30 pm, \$15/\$20 O TRINITY PARISH

CHURCH Bach: The Six Motets, 8 pm, \$25/\$35 **O WASHINGTON HALL** As

A New Opera Experience., \$25-\$40

#### SAT 11/12

#### LIVE MUSIC

BALLARD HOMESTEAD

Haas Kowert Tice with The Winterlings, 7 pm, \$10-\$15

★ BARBOZA The Veils with Guests, 7 pm, \$15 BLUE MOON TAVERN | Will

Keep Your Ghost, Pacific Echoes, Caveman Ego, 9 pm, \$5

CONOR BYRNE Deception Past, John Hamhock, The Rooster Run Band, 9 pm, \$8

© CROCODILE The Suffers, Jakubi, Bandulu, 9 pm, \$15/\$17

★ EMERALD QUEEN CASINO Musiq Soulchild, 8 pm, \$35-\$75

THE FUNHOUSE Year of the Cobra, Ancient Warlocks, Witch Ripper, 8 pm, \$8/\$10

GRAND ILLUSION
Borbetomagus: A Pollock o
Sound with Bad Luck, 8-10 pm, \$9-\$14 HARD ROCK CAFE The Lowdown Drifters, 8 pm, \$10/\$12

HIGHWAY 99 Lisa Mann and Her Really Good Band, 8 pm, \$17; Jam for Cans, 5 pm, \$10

LUCKY LIQUOR Variations, Curse League, Future Myth, Mini and the Bear, 9 pm, \$5/\$8

MOKEDO SWAY: The Optic Echo Tour with wndfrm, The OO-Ray, Mike Jedlicka, and Mark Henrickson, 8-11 pm, \$15 Suggested Donation

NECTAR Night Beats, The Mystery Lights, Acid Tongue, Moon Darling, 8 pm, \$12

NEPTUNE THEATRE Goldroom & Autograf with Patrick Baker, 9:30 pm, \$18.50/\$23.50

★ NEUMOS Dave B, Ye Ali, Jamie Blake, 8 pm, \$15 RENDEZVOUS DJ Heartthrob with Mega Evers, Nottus Tre, Joey Kash, and Sickness144, 9:45

pm. \$10 т**не royal room** Alma y Azúcar: Celia Cruz Tribute, 8 pm. free

SEAMONSTER Tibor Fest, 9-11 pm, \$5-\$10

O THE SHOWBOX Yelawolf. Bubba Sparxxx, Jelly Roll, Struggle Jennings, 9 pm, \$25/\$27

SKYLARK CAFE & CLUB Smoking Bill with Echo Texture, 9 pm, \$7 SLIM'S LAST CHANCE

Crawler, Elizabeth Better, Comedy of Terrors, 9 pm, \$5 O STUDIO SEVEN The Word Alive, Volumes, Islander, Invent Animate, Stolen Society, 6 pm, \$16/\$20

SUBSTATION Christa Says Yay, Sightseer, Tuesday Velasco, 8 pm, \$6 SUNSET TAVERN Amanda Shires and Colter Wall, 9 pm, \$12

O TACOMA DOME Flosstradamus: Hi-Def Youth Tour, 6 pm-midnight, \$45 TIMBRE ROOM Muscle & Marrow, Ariadne Masturbatory Dysfunction, Prisonfood, 7-10 pm, \$7

**★ © TRIPLE DOOR** Andy McKee, Through Nov 12, 8 pm, \$25

VICTORY LOUNGE Rat City Ruckus with On The Ground, 9 pm-1 am, \$2/\$5

#### JAZZ JAZZ ALLEY Norman Brown,

Through Nov 13, \$35.50 VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE Jerry Zimmerman 6 pm, free

## THINGS TO DO

### All the Shows Happening This Week

CONTOUR Friday Night Lights Reunion, 10 pm-2 am, \$5

CUFF Boots 'n' Buzzcuts Fall Fun Madness, 8 pm, free

**★ GENERATIONS** Gramma Poetry Press Launch Party, 7 pm, free

KREMWERK WORK!: Fritz Carlton, 10 pm-3:59 am

★ **LO-FI** Emerald City Soul Club 11th Annual Rare Soul Weekender MONKEY LOFT Drop:

Jaymz Nylon, Binary Bits,

PONY Different Drummer SPECKLED & DRAKE Name of the Game, 9 pm-1 am,

**★ ② VERMILLION** Big Dig Record Show, 3-8 pm, \$3/\$10

#### DANCE

THE EAGLE Testostérone

**★ TIMBRE ROOM** Rapture, 10 pm-2 am, \$8

#### CLASSICAL

**★ ②** BENAROYA HALL Pictures At An Exhibition, 8 pm, \$22-\$12

O FIRST FREE OSSCS: British Isles, 7:30 pm, \$10-\$25

#### SUN 11/13

#### LIVE MUSIC

BARBOZA Max Frost Sinclair, The Young Wild, 8 pm. \$10

O CAFE RACER Racer Sessions, 6:30-10 pm, free O CROCODILE The Pizza Pulpit: Choke the Pope.

Trash Dogs, 6:30 pm, free **O FREMONT ABBEY** Open Space Edition 11, 8:30-9

**O THE FUNHOUSE** Tinv Moving Parts, Movement My Iron Lung, Midnight Lights, 7 pm, \$13/\$15 HIGH DIVE King of Hats, Antonioni, Dusty, 8 pm, \$6/\$8

HIGHWAY 99 Tony Gable Musical Celebration, 8 pm,

\$20 Suggested Donation KREMWERK Alter Der Ruine and The Rain Within

with Guests, 9 pm, \$10 LATONA PUB The Wild Hares, 7-9 pm, free

LO-FI Black Nite Crash, Elephant Stone, The Knast, Pampa, 8 pm, \$10

★ NECTAR SassyBlack, The Seshen, Tay Sean, 7 pm, \$8/\$12 O NEPTUNE THEATRE

Little Big Show #16: Låpsley, Aquilo, Navvi, 7:30 pm, \$18

**O NEUMOS** Rittz with Jarren Benton: Top of the Line Tour, 8 pm, \$22/\$65

**★ PANTAGES THEATER** Vienna Boys Choir, 3 pm, \$19-\$69

**O THE SHOWBOX** Tory Lanez, Kranium, Taylor Bennett, VeeCee, 8 pm, \$25.50/\$32.50

**SUBSTATION** Fast Nasties, Subtle Triumph, Sourwood Stringband, 8 pm, \$6 SUNSET TAVERN DZ

Deathrays, Dune Rats, Vowws, 9 pm, \$12 TOWN HALL Seattle Slack Key Festival, 1-6:30 pm,

**❖ TRIPLE DOOR** Tyrone Wells with Tony Lucca, 7 pm, \$23-\$35

TRIPLE DOOR

MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE Cuban Music Night!, 7 pm Thru Nov 27, free

O VARIOUS LOCATIONS Columbia City Beatwalk, 5 pm, free

IAZZ ALLEY Norman Brown, Through Nov 13, 7:30 pm, \$35.50

LO-FI Emerald City Soul Club 11th Annual Rare Soul Weekender

\* LUCKY LIQUOR Emerald City Soul Club Soul Survivors Party,

#### 12-4:30 pm, free CLASSICAL

**RECITAL HALL** Sequentia: The Monk Sings The Pagan, 2:30 pm, \$26-\$46 ICICLE CREEK CENTER FOR THE ARTS Barsto Quartet, 7 pm, \$12-\$24

**★ PANTAGES THEATER** nna Boys Choir, 3 pm

★ Ø ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL Compline Choir, 9:30 pm, free @ WASHINGTON HALL AS One: A Transgender Story. A New Opera Experience., \$25-\$40

#### MON 11/14

#### LIVE MUSIC

BARBOZA The Jezabels with Cave Clove, 7 pm, \$16 CROCODILE @ Monarchy + HER, 9 pm, \$15; Air Traffic Controller, 6:30 pm, \$8

THE FUNHOUSE Stonebreed with Angeles, 8 pm, \$6/\$8

JAZZ ALLEY Leslie Odom, Jr., 7:30 pm, \$50.50

O NEPTUNE THEATRE Damien Escobar: The Boundless Tour, 8 pm, \$43.50-\$63.50

**O STUDIO SEVEN** Escape the Fate, Non Point, Get Scared, Failure Anthem. Through Fire, For The Likes Of You: Hate Poison Tour, 5:30 pm, \$18/\$22

SUBSTATION : | DEPTHS |: November Edition, 8-11 pm, free

**SUNSET TAVERN** Ricky Eat Acid, Kitty, 8 pm, \$10 **O TRIPLE DOOR** Peter Silberman of The Antlers, 7:30 pm, \$13/\$15

#### TUE 11/15

#### LIVE MUSIC

BARBOZA Astronautilus with Oxymorrons, 8 pm, \$15

**CHOP SUEY** Prom Queen, Chris King & The Gutterballs, Soft Lions, 9 pm. \$8

CROCODILE O The Dead Ships, 6:30 pm, \$10; The Orwells, Dante Elephante

FREMONT ABBEY Open Arts Mic, 7 pm, free THE FUNHOUSE Barb Wire Dolls, The Perfect Gentlemen, Acid Teeth, 8 pm, \$10/\$12

PARLIAMENT TAVERN South Sound Tug & Barge, 9 pm, free

O THE SHOWBOX Queensryche, Armored Saint, Midnight Eternal, 8:30 pm, \$30/\$32

STUDIO SEVEN Animals As Leaders, Intervals, Plini: The Madness of Many Tour, 7 pm. \$25/\$30

TRIPLE DOOR MUSICOUARIUM LOUNGE Two Filipinos, 9 pm, free

#### JAZZ

O JAZZ ALLEY Cherry . opin' Daddies. N 15-17, 7:30 pm, \$31.50

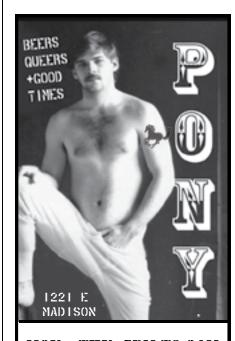
#### CLASSICAL

**© BENAROYA HALL** Ravel & Mozart, 7:30 pm, \$40 **O MEANY HALL** Imani Winds, 7:30 pm, \$40-\$45

#### LAKE CITY RECORD SHOW Sunday Nov 20 - 10am-4mm



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**Fishbone** Larry & His Flask All Ages

11/11 **FRIDAY** 



The Crocodile Presents::

Timeflies Cade All Ages

11/12 SATURDAY



STG Presents::

The Suffers Jakubi, Bandulus All Ages

The Crocodile Presents:

11/13 SUNDAY



**Dune Rats and DZ Deathrays** @ The Sunset

**Vowws** All Ages The Crocodile Presents::

Ricky Eat Acid @ The Sunset

11/14 MONDAY

0.0

11/14

MONDAY



Tuesday 1/17

**GREAT GOOD** 

FINE OK

STG Presents::

Kitty, Critte 21+

Monarchy + Her All Aaes



Tuesday 2/14 **AUSTRA** 



Tuesday 4/25 THE WEDDING PRESENT

11/15 THE ORWELLS 11/16 A TRIBE CALLED RED 11/18 LEMAITRE 11/20 SALES 11/23 HELMS ALEE 11/26 EMANCIPATOR 11/27-11/30 X "40TH ANNIVERSARY" 12/1 THE SLACKERS 12/2 THE SHELTERS & THE HUNNA 12/3 PERE UBU 12/7 HELMET 12/8 AGAINST THE CURRENT 12/9 VANIC 12/10 THE PAPER KITES

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**HEAD FOR THE HILLS**Sweet Lou's Sour Mash, Rain City Ramblers

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The Mystery Lights, Acid Tongue Moon Darling, Visuals by Mad Alchemy

SASSYBLACK

THE SESHEN, Tay Sean

WAX

The Palmer Squares, Word Play

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12.10 **SCOTT PEMBERTON** 12.15

**BAND** 12.16 OG MCTUFF

**12.17 DESERT DWELLERS** 

**12.18 BLUEGRASS CHRISTMAS** 

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12.29 KALYA SCINTILLA

**12.30 LYRICS BORN** 

+BLACKALICIOUS

12.31 **NITE WAVE NEON NYE** 

**CLOZEE + PSYMBIONIC** 1.05 1.11 **TALKING DREADS** 

**VINCE HERMAN** 1.19

**+GIPSY MOON** 

**KELLER WILLIAMS** 1.21 **KWAHTRO** 

2.2 & 3 SIR MIX-A-LOT

2.10 **DIRT NASTY** 

2.17 JOHN BROWN'S BODY

2.19 **KNEEBODY** 



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Nov 11 & 12

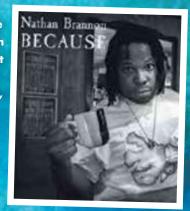


Josh Blue Nov 21, 18, 19

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## FRI, 11/11 - SUN, 11/13 I BRANNON WITH ANDREW RIVERS

Nathan Brannon is a comedian out of Portland, Oregon. He was the winner of the Seattle International Comedy Competition in 2014 and was crowned "Portland's Funniest Person" in 2012. Just a month into 2016, Nathan recorded his second comedy album, "Because" with Kill Rock Stars Recording, which was released October 14. Nathan has opened for national headliners such as Dave Chappelle, Damon Wayans, Maria Bamford, and has photoshopped himself into photos with many more.



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THE POSIES Jon Auer (L) and Ken Stringfellow (R), from Failure to Success and beyond.

The Posies

w/Anomie Belle

Wed Nov 16, Neptune,

DOS, all ages

# The Posies Are Still a Band, Again, Forever

BY SEAN NELSON

he first time *The Stranger* covered the Posies was in May of 1993, when the writer Daniel Housman lamented that it was "easy to be confused by the Posies, especially in the last two years as they've searched for their own identities." He could never have guessed how persistent that search would prove to be. After countless lineups, breakups, recriminations, and reconfigurations, Jon Auer and Ken Stringfellow have found a way to make their musical part-

nership endure for coming up on three decades. Which is more than you can say for most musical partnerships.

Another thing you can't 8 pm, \$18.50 adv/\$23.50 say about most rock bands approaching their 30th year: Their

new record is excellent. Solid States is absolutely vital and contemporary—the band's most engaged and engaging work since their DGC days, and in some ways a return to the Bellingham bedroom duo sensibilities of their 1988 debut, Failure.

On the eve of the Posies' (now a trio) return to Seattle for a show on Wednesday, November 16, at the Neptune, Stringfellow answered a few questions via e-mail from a studio in Amsterdam, where he's producing a record for a Dutch band called Reveller.

You've been very prolific as a musician, producer, and recording artist apart from the Posies. I've always been struck by the way you discuss all your projects with a sense that they're equally important to you, both professionally and personally. Is there a part of you that still considers the Posies to be further up in the hierarchy of work that you do?

Firstly, ves. I have total commitment to every project I'm involved in. I'm not picky about what I'm involved in, I just endeavor to bring everything I do up to a certain level of greatness—every artist I produce deserves that. If people want to work with me, I am going to do my best to deliver that to them. I never, ever, phone anything in.

I'm certainly guilty of trying to surpass the band in certain respects... I believe I came out of the Posies initial split in 1998 with a fair

amount of resentment about how things went down. I didn't have much sympathy for whatever difficulties Jon may have been facing personally at the time. I also was very insecure, and had a lot to prove, thinking it would dimin-

ish the chip on my shoulder. I was going to do the most, travel the furthest, be everywhere at once. It kind of worked, actually—I accomplished a lot, and that drive got me to learn a lot and into some amazing situations. Now, years later, I understand more about what the band means to me, to people. Probably nothing I will ever do will bring more happiness or satisfaction to more people than this band. I realize that a partner like Jon is a once in a lifetime connection and that it's a perfect fit even with the imperfections. If that makes any sense.

I think that sense of wanting to do something to surpass the band is a common yearning among musicians, but it's interesting in the context of the Posies because, especially around the time of Amazing Disgrace, you guys were both addressing your conflicts pretty openly in songs.

Hmm, I think in the vintage Posies days,

those songs directed at Jon were definitely... well, I was at my wit's end. Someone who had been my best friend was just... unavailable. And it happened that it was deeply affecting our band, which was our, you know, our life's work, our business, our brand—however you want to view it. I think the songs reflect my helplessness. "You're so far gone, a distant planet is picking up your good-byes on TV." It's not very aggressive, really. It's more broken.

But those days are gone, and my working relationship with Jon is founded on good communication. So those kinds of messages are not necessary. If we want to say something to each other, we just talk (or e-mail if it's

I read the new album partially as a refinement on your earliest recordings-which is only to say that even though it has lots of dynamic modes, it's the least rock-banddriven Posies record since Failure.

The record now is a deliberate left turn from the "four guys in a room" way of making records. It's not just a geographical imperative that we have to live with. I have never been a purist about... anything, really, and the records that appeal to me the most are those records that are hard to pin down. Is it a band, or is it a bunch of curious sounds happening at roughly the same time. Is it manipulated? Truthful? I mean, this is a direct reflection of the world we live in-can we deduce anything from the information/images we're presented?

I do think this record has been made with the least amount of outside help-only Jon, myself, and Frankie [Siragusa] engineered >

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◀ it (mixing is another story). And I think thusly that it's oddly our most truthful record. Going into the studio has usually been about serendipity, about spur-of-the-moment tangents that give the record its personality. But you could also label those things as distractions—becoming so enamored with a moment that you let it overshadow the song you're working on (it's not about the song, it's about the "perfect take"). With this album, there are no "takes." There are just the songs, being built layer by layer, lovingly, but precisely.

And then Darius [Minwalla, Posies drummer] died.

We were already on this path, but that closed the door, in my mind, to the "record reflects the live band" aspect of making albums. Darius was wonderful to work with

"I would argue that
Seattle has changed more
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squished under there
somehow."

in the studio—he always generated these spontaneous moments and was well known for having these great, unbeatable first takes. We kind of left him undefeated in that category out of respect. Retired the jersey.

That shut down progress on the record for two to three months. When we emerged, we had some new songs that were part of our coping process, expressions of grief, of bewilderment.

And then we realized we were going to have to play this all live...

Frankie is really the only person I considered. And I'll tell you: Frankie has been this magic ingredient that has probably done more to repair Jon and my relationship than we had done. He's very positive. Basically, we all feel like a united front; the band is too small now to subdivide into factions. On this tour, especially the US tour where we were setting up our own PA and backline and driving and selling merch and so on and so on—we have never worked so hard. And yet, it was by far the most satisfying tour we've done, ever. We grew this from scratch and watched it grow and prosper.

Given that neither you nor Jon are Seattle-dwellers anymore, what does it mean to you to come and play Seattle? In a way, there's no argument that the Posies could ever *not* be a Seattle band, but in another way, you sort of aren't one. Or maybe that's not even a meaningful distinction anymore?

I think we are one. A sense of place is community as much as it is... uh, your favorite buildings. Seattle is still where my friends live. I could go to a bar or club and still pretend I never left town, in some ways. I would argue that Seattle has changed more than we have—and yet I still recognize it. If I turn over a few condos, I can still find the Seattle I knew squished under there somehow. I come back often, to keep those connections going. I might be delusional. It's way more bizarre to say, "We're a band from France," though. I will say that 23 years of global touring has made us "belong" to a lot of places. We are beloved in Spain, in Finland... We are a lot of things. This is the fractured era. We are all shards, reflecting in a million directions.

A longer version of this interview, with Posies music, can be found at

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# **RECORD REVIEW**

1966



# The Game Is in His Element on 1992, but His Future **Could Be Even Brighter**

BY LARRY MIZELL JR.

THE GAME

1992

(Entertainment One Music/

Fifth Amendment/Blood Money)

t's been a month since I returned to Los Angeles, my hometown, where I haven't lived in 25 years. I'm adjusting and breathing, the sun burning off the uppermost layers of the depression-dome I made—and though LA has changed a lot in a quarter century, it's still the glorious, messy experiment it always was.

I've always wondered how much of what I think of as me is caught up in my crystalized memories of South Central at the dawn of the 1990s—and maybe that's why I've always had such a love/hate dynamic with The Game. For the last 11 years, he's annoyed me with his antics but also thrilled me with some great rap music. All the best and worst

moments have always had to do with The Game's own personal 1992—hence the title of this, his eighth solo album.

1992 starts with a Crenshaw Swap Meet velvet portrait of the fire that time.

painted stroke by stroke on "Savage Lifestyle" over a sample of "Inner City Blues" by Marvin Gaye. "Was you here?" Game challenges. No, I wasn't, and I hated that. I left LA the day after Christmas in 1991 just one of the many Black kids shipped out by their parents before the fuse ran out. The year 1992 found me trying to adjust to a new life in Seattle while I watched my old home burn on national television and heard that my brother got hemmed up during the riots.

The city that I had grown up in would never be the same. It filled me with an anger and loss I didn't fully understand. I used to think that leaving was why I never got a real sense of who Jayceon Taylor really was on wax. But if I'd stayed, who would I be? Who am I now, all these years later, newly estranged from everything I've known for so long? Bouncing around these many years, I guess I just envy someone with an identity so firmly tied to where they're from.

Sorry, Game.

Still, 1992 as a whole isn't quite as inspired or fired up as Game's best work. like Doctor's Advocate or last year's feature-stuffed double disc The Documentary 2. If anything, it serves as Game's take on American Gangster, Jay Z's late-career return to form—a sort of Issue #0 for a long-established artist. For a second on "The Juice," Game's rap

even recalls Jay's flow on "Party Life."

"True Colors/It's On" begins with rapper Osbe Chill repping Baldwin Village, fka the Jungles—the one-square-mile neighborhood my little family unit lived in at the end of the 1980s, on Pinafore Street, in a large two-bedroom apartment with a pool all the neighbors would jump into some balmy nights. It was also easily the most active hood I ever called home. My mom did the best she could and told me to walk straight home from school. "I was too young to help her, and my brothers wasn't there," Game raps about his childhood in the CPT.  $\,$ 

In the decade-plus since his debut, Game has mellowed on my least favorite trait-

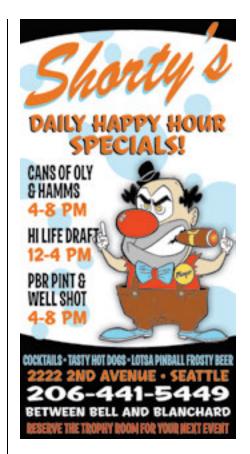
a relentless penchant for telling and not showing, habitually referencing other rappers, pop culture figures, and LA hood motifs. Maybe this showy G-schmaltz just reminded me of how false I

always felt, a transplant trying to hold on to something, straining to feel connected to my home and my family from a thousand miles away. After 25 years, I'm back home wondering where and how I fit in, a stranger to myself, writing a new chapter.

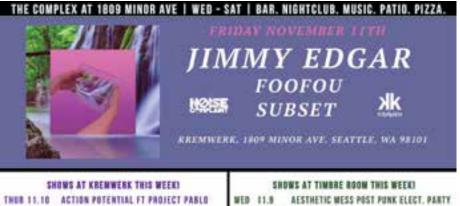
Game's storytelling, though, is more nuanced than ever. Talking about sharing socks with a friend-turned-future-gang-rival on the regret-tinged "Young Niggas" or reminiscing about his junior prom indiscretions on "I Grew Up on Wu-Tang," he lives up to his familiar role: a living tribute to what came

The inclusion of "92 Bars," his Meek Mill dis—Game's traditional album promo tactic is to start shit, after all—feels a little out of place here, a needless conflict that could have been handled better. I've spent the last few months going through my own share of conflicts brought on by my own quick-flash defensiveness—lessons and reminders hop out of every corner lately, provoking new regrets.

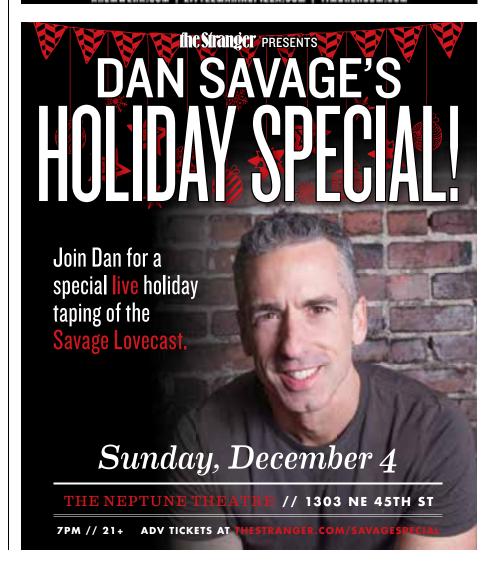
The album's low-key production, mostly handled by unknowns, doesn't quite have the punch of past work with superstars, but a welcome intimacy replaces it. It's a good reminder that The Game's story isn't over, that it can get more human and real, right here at home. Even while letting things go, that's something to hold on to. ■













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# **Books That Will Help** You Make Sense of **Seattle's Housing Crisis**

BY CHARLES MUDEDE

any blame NIMBYs for Seattle's surging housing costs. Because NIMBYs (Not in My Back Yard) want to protect their home's value, they block efforts to increase supply. They hate urbanism, micro-apartments, and renters, and they will put Seattle on

a course that ends with San Francisco, the most expensive city in the United States.

The solution? Permit inclusionary zoning that exchanges development rights for affordable housing. Though it sounds like a great idea, a win-win, a solid middle-finger to NIMBYs, there is one big problem: The poor have never benefited from a deal struck between the public and the market.

Even during the depression in the 1930s, the market shaped how the government

responded to the housing crisis. Instead of massively funding public housing, the government offered long-term loans at low interest rates. We got expensive suburbs for the middle class instead of affordable dense cities for the poor.

In the excellent book In Defense of Housing, David Madden and Peter Marcuse explain how, since the crash of 1929, a series of proposals to democratize housing in the United States never made it to the light of day without huge concessions to the real estate market. From New Deal public housing programs (activated for military reasons) to the urban renewal of the 1960s (which James Baldwin called "negro removal") to HOPE in the 1990s (which decimated a large section of much-needed public housing), the "real estate machine" has dictated the terms of public policy and programs. So despite the best intentions of those who advocate inclusionary zones, how are we to believe this program will not end up like the others? History tells the truth.

But the orthodox economics of housing, which is also the model followed by orthodox urbanists, does not provide a non-neoclassical account of the market economy. (Neoclassical economics is the leading form of academic economics and imagines the market to be rational and efficient, and communicates useful information to individuals by way of prices.) For urbanists, things fall neatly into two categories: supply and demand. The less friction there is between these ends, the better the market provides the goods to the public. But property is both a commodity and a financial asset, like a bond or a share in a company. Property can store wealth (something that's hard for, say, a loaf bread to do) and also move through time. The latter attribute opens it to speculation.

And capitalism suffers not from scarcity but from surpluses. David Harvey, an urban geographer, provides an excellent description of how scarcity and surplus in our economy works in The Limits to Capital. To protect

profits from falling, the market actually requires a large amount of capital devaluation. I know this sounds strange. In a real economy. if there is to be surplus value (the source of profits), there also has to be some form of devaluation occurring in parts of the system,

otherwise there will be stagnation (falling and no profits). This key feature of the system (the destruction of value) does not exist for neoclassical economists (orthodox economists). But, sadly, it actually happens. If you are poor, you know all about it. And it makes nonsense of any hope that the market can help solve poverty or the housing crisis.

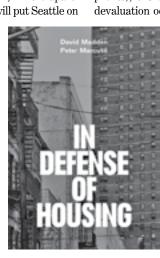
Housing and Residential Structure: Alternative Approaches by Keith Bassett delves into how it all relates to urban development and

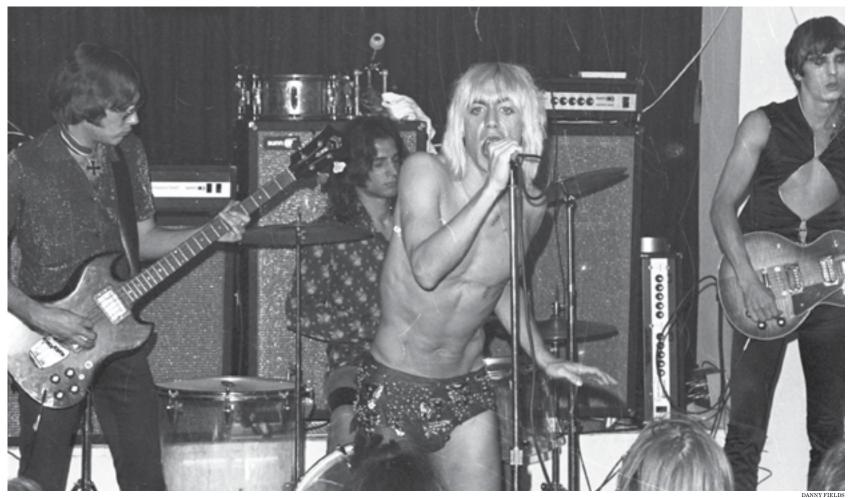
planning. Cities not only absorb surplus capital in the form of development but also destroy it in the form of slums (devaluation). The two are a couple. Someone pays for this destruction, and that someone is almost always a poor person. And because the poor in America are often black, they foot the bill for the needed destruction of capital.

This is the jobless world we find in the pages of William Julius Wilson's When Work Disappears: The World of the New Urban Poor. We see unemployed blacks abandoned by the government for the purpose of devaluing huge amounts of unabsorbable capital. In a rich society, this is all a slum is and is doing.

A form of urban poverty that began in the 1970s, and spared no major city in the US, including Seattle (this is the Central District in a nutshell), was the government providing the market with not only devaluation in the form of divestment but also "devalorized capital" in the form of investments in suburbs. Devalorized capital does not exist in neoclassical economics, but it is real, it is an investment that does not expect a return. It transfers those gains to privately owned ventures. Both devalorization and devaluation protect profits from stagnation (overproduction). How else can you explain the presence of homelessness or the working poor in an economic system that has no basic material scarcities?

But once capital is destroyed, investment can return. We call this gentrification, which Ruth Glass named and described in her 1964 essay "London: Aspects of Change" (it's in her book Clichés of Urban Doom and Other Essays). Through a set of policy changes, revaluation occurs in devastated areas (in the case of London, a massive war helped devalue huge sections of the city). But revaluation of a devastated area is only a temporary fix to the system's struggle with the pull of stagnation. Soon, investment opportunities dry up and there is great pressure for devaluation. Seattle must keep its eyes open for this. It will happen.  $\blacksquare$ 





GIMME DANGER Plenty of Iggy, but don't go looking for "Dirt."

**Gimme Danger** 

dir. Jim Jarmusch

# Jim Jarmusch Lionizes Iggy and the Stooges in Gimme Danger

BY DAVE SEGAL

irector/writer Jim Jarmusch doesn't pull any punches in his Stooges documentary, Gimme Danger, calling the Ann Arbor group "the greatest rock and roll band ever" in the first two minutes. He spends the next

100 or so demonstrating why in a mostly chronological manner, with animated sequences and interpola-

tions of relevant pop-culture effluvia thrown in to avoid talking-head overdose, the plague of most music docs. At this point, we don't need an endless stream of very important musicians and critics to testify to the Stooges' magnificence. However, we do need to know how these dudes from inauspicious circumstances seeded the soil for punk rock and other heavy musical developments.  $\operatorname{Gimme}\operatorname{Danger}\operatorname{dramatizes}$  that story efficiently and vividly.

Jarmusch opts for a frills-free approach that matches that of his subject's music. He keeps the focus mainly on Iggy Pop (aka James Osterberg), who's more lucid than you'd imagine for someone with his history of self-destructiveness. This is as it should be. Ig's hangdog face and deep, laconic voice are as riveting as his clever descriptive powers and no-nonsense attitude. (How he outlived fellow innovators/comrades Lou Reed and David Bowie is miraculous.) Interviews with Ron and Scott Asheton, James Williamson, Steve Mackay, Elektra A&R man Danny Fields, and the Ashetons' sister Kathy round out the picture.

Before diving into Iggy's unusual upbringing in an Ypsilanti, Michigan, trailer,

Jarmusch opens with a tableau of the Stooges hitting rock bottom after their first two radical LPs—The Stooges and Fun House—failed to earn commercial success. In retrospect, it seems in sane that the Stooges didn't imme-

diately set the world on fire, but heads weren't ready. Of course, their music had a delayed cataclysmic effect, and now they're as

canonical as the Beatles, Jimi Hendrix, and the Velvet Underground.

Gimme Danger does the important work of examining Iggy's youth. His parents indulged his drum aspirations, eventually

ceding the master bedroom to their hyper son. We learn of a formative trip to the River Rouge auto plant, where Iggy heard the "mega clang" of a metallic stamper, which inspired him to

try to capture that heavy sound in music. We discover Ig's lyrical concision derived from watching TV personality Soupy Sales.

Young Jim's dedication paid off as he led the garage-rock group the Iguanas in high school and later in 1966 pounded the skins for blues band the Prime Movers. But Ig soon got an urge to experience some of that real blues shit he'd only heard on record, so he jetted to Chicago to soak up hedonistic vibes and play drums for bluesmen like Big Walter Horton and Johnny Young.

That was fun while it lasted, but Iggy realized he wasn't a black blues musician and moved back to Michigan, where he formed the Psychedelic Stooges with Ron and Scott Asheton and bassist Dave Alexander. "In the Ashetons, I found primitive mayhem," Iggy notes. Their zeal for free-jazz fieriness and dadaistic experimentation (early shows included vacuum cleaner accompaniment) set them apart from most of their contemporaries. Further distinguishing them was Iggy's frontman antics: He treated the entire world as his drum and his body as a

The Psychedelic Stooges eventually became the Stooges, and they naturally

gravitated toward the more together Detroit heavy-rock behemoths the MC5. In one of the greatest coups in musicindustry history, Fields signed both groups in 1968. Interestingly, the

MC5 asked the Stooges to go to Chicago and perform at the Democratic National Convention, but Iggy declined. It just wasn't in the Stooges' nature to delve into politics, even if it could've been a savvy career move.

Rather, Iggy and company were revolutionaries of the id, harnessers of the sort of sonic potency and iconoclasm that reek of nihilism and intense libidinal friction. Their Nietzschean will to power manifested in Iggy's outrageously provocative stage demeanor and the kind of musical energy and primal thrust that spur other people to start revolutionsboth sonic and personal. Jarmusch nods to that influence light-handedly.

The biggest disappointment of Gimme Danger is the lack of discussion of "Dirt." the nonchalantly funky slow-burner off 1970's Fun House. The seven-minute song deserves an exhaustive exegesis, as it is the ultimate stoned-fucking soundtrack—and a fertile sample source for hiphop producers, "Dirt" is the true deviation on Fun House, the anomalous connective tissue between the pneumatic thuggishness of side one and the blasted jazzrock chaos of side two.

But that letdown is ameliorated by the illumination of the divisive "We Will Fall," the epic doom-drone chiller from the 1969 debut LP that basically invented New York band Swans. I consider it to be one of their best creations and agree with Scott Asheton, who said it "proved we weren't like the other bands." Contrary to popular belief, 10-minute dirges with Hindu chanting weren't plentiful

Jarmusch wisely ignores the Stooges' last two mediocre records, 2007's The Weirdness and 2013's Ready to Die, while the Mike Watt vears get a crisp, respectful overview. Near the end, we see Iggy—as vascular, ripped, and limber as ever—cavorting at 2003's Coachella festival and giving a wry acceptance speech at their 2010 Rock and Roll Hall of Fame induction ceremony. The singer who once regularly left the stage bloodied comports himself with dignity and offers hard-won wisdom throughout Gimme Danger, a powerful, if not totally raw, portrait of rock and roll's purest Dionysian spirit.

Iggy treated the entire world as his drum and his body as a mallet.





FOR 9 - 12 YEAR-OLD FILMMAKERS



**I3TH** White supremacy is alive and well.

# **Want To Understand Black** Voters? Watch *13th*

BY IJEOMA OLUO

he last few days, I've been hearing from white people concerned about lower voter turnout of black Americans. Some have implored me to "do my part" to help get out the black vote.

dir. Ava DuVernay

Others have reached out to try to understand why—why when there is such risk of a nightmare Trump presidency would black voters not be coming out in droves? Why would so many people come out for Obama in 2008 and 2012 but not come out to stop Trump in 2016? And why are young black people 13th

so disenchanted? Are they just naive? Selfish?

Netflix And to all those who asked and to all those who have been thinking the same thoughts: First, let me remind you to get out of my mentions. Second, let me remind you that this is our first presidential election without the full protections of the Voting Rights Act, and many of those voters that you may think of as "unenthused" have been prevented or discouraged from voting by states that leapt upon the opportunity to disenfranchise black voters. But beyond that, if that

doesn't suffice, I say this: Watch 13th. If you want to understand the anger and the mistrust that many black Americans have toward both Hillary Clinton and Donald Trump, please watch 13th. If you want to know why we are just as likely to shout down a Democratic rally as a Republican rally, watch 13th. If you want to know

why your black friends might be rolling their eyes at your "I Voted" stickers on the grave of Susan B. Anthony, watch 13th. And if you want to understand

why it must be black lives that matter, watch 13th.

The Netflix documentary by Ava Du-Vernay explores the rebirth of American chattel slavery in the American prison system. From the post-reconstruction use of prison leasing, to the 1994 crime bill, to the corporate legislative machines that churn out laws to make profits for their private prison sponsors, DuVernay quickly takes you through the many ways in which White Supremacy in America has managed to ▶



◀ keep so many black Americans enslaved.

The interviews that DuVernay was able to get for this documentary are extraordinary. Michelle Alexander, Angela Davis, Van Jones—even Newt Gingrich—and so many more add vivid insight and lived experience to the story of mass incarceration throughout American history. And while the documentary could have given much more time to the post-reconstruction South (especially because there are quite a few parallels between the angry and self-destructive white people of the late 1800s and the angry and self-destructive white people voting for Trump today that I really think should be examined by the greater public), the thread woven through slavery, the civil rights movement, and modern mass incarceration is strong enough for just about anybody to see.

I watched 13th with my 15-year-old son. I recognized the look on his face when he realized that he was watching a young Hillary Clinton call black kids "superpreda-

tors," and when he saw Bill Clinton angrily defend those words on the campaign trail 20 years later, and when he saw a young Donald Trump call for the execution of five innocent young black men accused of a horrific

Angela Davis in 13th

crime that they did not commit. That look on his face was the look I've had on my face the entire election—a face of horror, sad-

For far too long we have

been treating racism as a

problem of individual

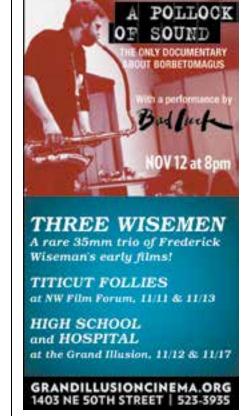
preference and not a system.

ness, and betrayal. And in seeing that in my son, I knew that I had to ask all of my white friends to watch this film, so that they could understand why.

I ask you to

watch 13th and look at all the ways in which you touch the system of White Supremacy that is keeping so many black Americans enslaved—and fight to dismantle that piece, whether it's divesting from companies that profit from private prisons, voting out prosecutors who criminalize blackness, or voting for school boards and superintendents who will address the high amount of black kids being suspended, expelled, and even jailed in schools.

Because we simply cannot move forward if we do not understand why we are in the mess we are in. Because for far too long we have been treating racism as a problem of individual preference and not a system that we must tear down. Because for far too long we've allowed those who profit most from oppression to hide behind those who suffer most. Because when my son is able to vote in the next few years, I want the look on his face to be one of hope. ■



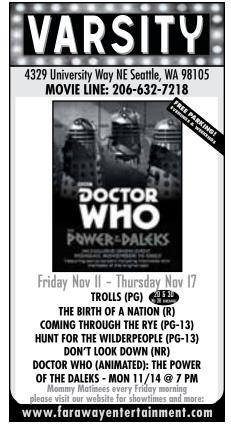




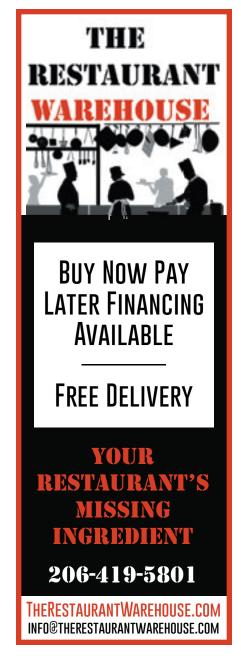














# Mollusk Still Stuck in Its Shell

The Once Adventurous Brewpub Has a New Direction, But It Hasn't Found Its Way

BY TOBIAS COUGHLIN-BOGUE

ollusk is the gorgeous, expansive South Lake Union reboot of Gastropod, a tiny Sodo brewery and restaurant with a devoted cult following. At Gastropod, chef Travis Kukull and brewmaster Cody Morris converted their faithful with boldly experimental beers and creative, unexpected food, which Kukull served up using a few burners and a convection oven. Naturally, the two were pretty optimistic for Mollusk, where they'd be armed with the state-of-theart equipment and the space they'd need to really release their magic into the world.

But just seven months after Mollusk's triumphant arrival on the SLU restaurant scene, Kukull announced that, to save the business, he was stepping down. He told The Stranger's Angela Garbes that, due to a tepid response from the area's tech types, the restaurant was "dumping money out the window." He added that while tech workers were coming in for after-work drinks and office parties, they really just wanted pub grub with their fancy beers.

To meet this demand, Mollusk shifted its menu, bringing in Seamus Platt, previously of Korean steak house

Girin, to cook food that was, in Morris's words, balanced "between accessible and

interesting." While Kukull's food-which I never got to try—seems to have been a life-changing experience, there's certainly nothing wrong with a little poutine, provided

On my first visit, I snagged a seat at the bar next to a dude letting his bavette steak get cold while he hammered out some code. My companion and I ordered up a mess of

different things from the admirably broad menu, and it all looked really intriguing on paper. Twice-fried wings with black garlic miso glaze? Clams in a sour beer broth? Yes.

In practice, though, most of the outré elements that drew me to those dishes didn't come off, which meant that the whole adventurous takes on traditional favorites thing just ended up being decent but slightly overpriced gastropub fare.

Mollusk

The black garlic miso glaze on the wings, for example, lacked the funky punch you want from something

803 Dexter Ave N, 403-1228 beneath the glaze wasn't quite crispy enough to balance out its gloopy texture. Argh, that glaze! Like George Clinton, I just wanted the funk. Without it, the wings were fine,

with that much fermented

material in it. And the skin

but not exactly the mothership connection I was set up for. The clams were similarly disappointing, despite being steamed in Mollusk's

Partytime!!! sour ale and accompanied by a liberal amount of perfect lardons. I love

sour beer with a fiery passion, and the idea of cutting the fatty lardons with some beery acidity was very appealing to me. But the sourness of the ale was lost during steaming, leaving the plump clams to float around in a pretty straightforward beer broth.

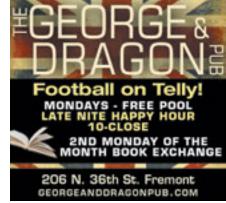
I found another tease on the cocktail menu: an old-fashioned created with a simple syrup made from Despair, Mollusk's botanical black farmhouse ale. On its own, the beer was lovely, boasting a rugged, challenging body and intense mid-palate flavor hit. Were I able to taste any of it in the syrup, the old-fashioned, a good one as these >





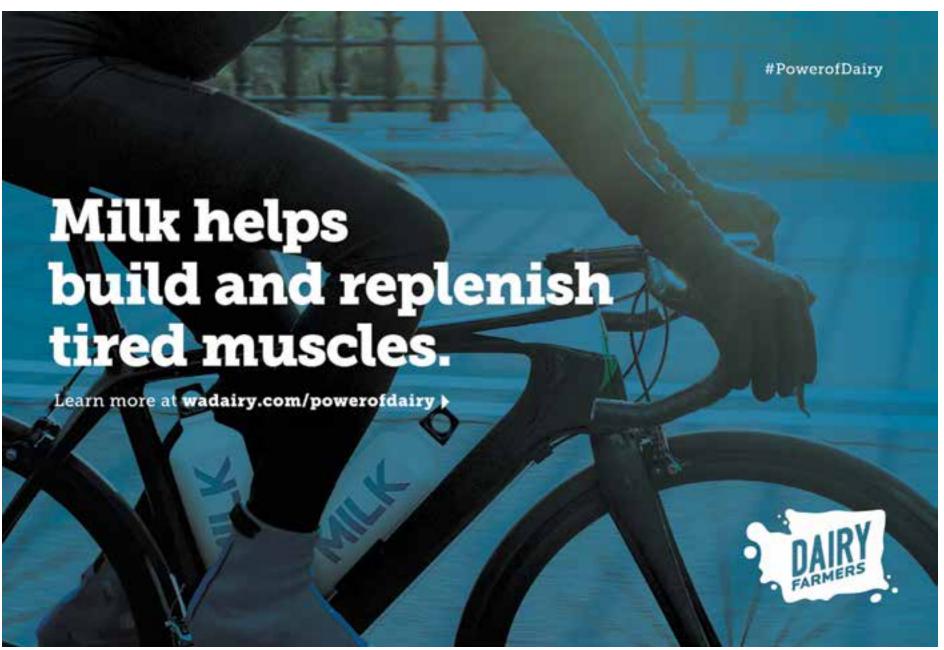


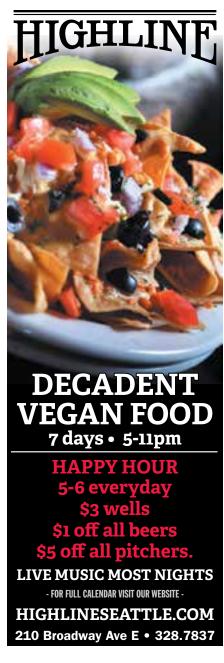




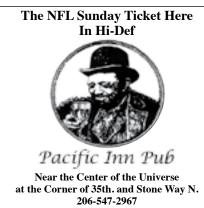
















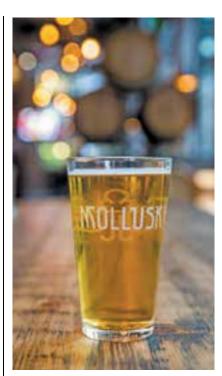
# **Pioneer Square**

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MOLLUSK Pictured on the left is a pint of the house lager, and on the right are crushed potatoes served atop roasted anchovy mayo and fennel kimchi.

Like nearly

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Mollusk's menu.

the choucroute

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down.

 things go, would have been elevated to amazing heights.

Beers, too, were somewhat hit-and-miss. That Despair left me in high spirits, but its wheat version, Hope, didn't. A tart miso sour was a funky, savory revelation in a glass, but their house IPA wasn't anything to write

home about, though, according to Kukull, that and the simple lager are best sellers.

All that said, some of the menu's innovations were absolutely amazing. Crushed potatoes roasted resting atop anchovy mayo and fennel kimchi was one of the best dishes I've had in the past year. The potatoes were perfectly roasted and seasoned. The mayo was sufficiently smoky and fishy, and instead of being overpowered by the airy,

intensely piquant fennel kimchi, it was the perfect match for it. Platt is noted for his love of fermented things, and that shines through in a major way here.

The peanut-butter ice cream that finished the meal was also revelatory. Far less sweet than I'd expected, it came close to the texture of actual peanut butter scooped from the jar while still being melty, rich ice cream—exactly the type of novel experience I'd come for.

To really test out Mollusk's aims for updated pub fare, I opted for some classics on my second visit: the burger and the fish and chips.

The burger was a typically rich pub version, with its brioche bun, sautéed mushrooms, quality white cheddar, and an enormous, bacon-topped pork belly and chuck patty. I was thrilled to see butter lettuce on top and similarly happy with the bread and butter pickles and thinly sliced pickled Fresno peppers that served as acidic ballast. However, as usual, I was left wanting more "interesting" and less "accessible." What it really could have used was some of the regular cabbage kimchi that came alongside the fish and chips. That was absolutely perfect.

Speaking of which, as someone who has scoured the city for the best fish and chips, I am sad to say these are not them. Especially sad because I'd hoped a \$16 platter of lingcod coated in Partytime!!! batter would be a little better. Once again, the ale lent nothing to the passable but ultimately plain breading, and the fish itself was a hair past that tender, internally unctuous point where good fish and chips should rest. But the robust house-made malt vinegar served alongside was an epiphany for someone who had only ever had the regular Heinz stuff.

Even after two rounds, however, some-

thing about Mollusk still nagged at me. How could a place that had garnered so many adoring reviews from so many food writers I admire be this bewildering? So I went back for a third visit, opting, appropriately enough, to finish up some work on my laptop over a pint of their dryhopped lager and some choucroute stew.

It ended up confirming all of my prior suspicions. Choucroute is a traditional Alsatian dish usually consisting of

sauerkraut, sausages, and potatoes. It is normally not a stew but rather a plate. A stew version didn't sound half bad, though. And it wasn't. The flavor was great, but the whole thing was swimming in an excessive amount of thick, oily liquid. While the flavor of that meaty lake was good—fatty, salty, and zingy all at once—it turned almost everything it touched into textureless mush, including what should have been a plump, pliant house-made sausage. Like nearly everything else I'd tried from Mollusk's menu, the choucroute stew set me up to knock me down.

This is all very frustrating, because Mollusk could be the accessible yet interesting gastropub it's aiming to be. Platt is clearly a talented chef, as evidenced by those superlative kimchi-laden potatoes. However, he's cooking food that does not seem to scratch the surface of what he can do.

I'm hesitant to blame the switch to pub food, however, as plenty of people do it to perfection. See Maria Hines's brand-new Young American Ale House for proof. No, the problem here is that the food feels stuck somewhere in the middle, not attempting to match the boldness of Gastropod, but not really nailing the basics that they're depending on to build the type of mass-market following that could fill their cavernous space. Mollusk is a fabulous concept—I'm always in support of highbrow beer foodit's just not quite there yet. Here's hoping it finds its footing. ■

## **FREE WILL ASTROLOGY**

BY ROB BREZSNY

## For the Week of November 9

ARIES (March 21-April 19): Now and then, you display an excessive egotism that pushes people away. But during the next six weeks, you will have an excellent chance to shed some of that tendency, even as you build more of the healthy pride that attracts help and support. So be alert for a steady flow of intuitions that will instruct you on how to elude overconfidence and instead cultivate more of the warm, radiant charisma that is your birthright. You came here to planet Earth not just to show off your bright beauty but also to wield it as a source of inspiration and motivation for those whose lives you touch.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): "How often I found where I should be going only by setting out for somewhere else," said inventor Buckgoing only by setting out for somewhere else," said inventor Buck-minster Fuller. I don't fully endorse that perspective. For example, when I said good-bye to North Carolina with the intention to make Northern California my new home, Northern California is exactly where I ended up and stayed. Having said that, however, I suspect that the coming months could be one of those times when Fuller's formula applies to you. Your ultimate destination may turn out to be different from your original plan. But here's the tricky part: If you do want to eventually be led to the situation that's right for you, you have to be specific about setting a goal that seems right for now. ve to be specific about setting a goal that seems right for

GEMINI (May 21-June 20): If you were an obscenely rich plutocrat, ve a pool table on your super yacht. And to ensure that you ming it have a poor table on your super yarth. And to ensure that you and your buddies could play pool even in a storm that rocked your boat, you would have a special gyroscopic instrument installed to keep your pool table steady and stable. But I doubt you have such luxury at your disposal. You're just not that wealthy or decadent. You could have something even better, however: metaphorical gyroscopes that will keep you steady and stable as you navigate you way through unusual weather. Do you know what I'm referring to? If not, meditate on the three people or influences that might best help you stay grounded. Then make sure you snuggle up close to those people and influences during the next two weeks.

CANCER (June 21-July 22): The coming weeks will be a good time to fill your bed with rose petals and sleep with their aroma caressing your dreams. You should also consider the following acts of intimate revolution: listening to sexy spiritual flute music while carrying on scintillating conversations with interesting allies, sharing gourmet meals in which you and your sensual companions use your fingers to slowly devour your delectable food, dancing naked in semi-darkness as you imagine ur happiest possible future. Do you catch my drift, Cancerian? You're le for a series of appointments with savvy bliss and wild splendor.

LEO (July 23-Aug 22): "I have always wanted... my mouth full of ge sunlight," writes Leo poet Michael Dickman in his poem "My Noneybee." In another piece, while describing an outdoor scene from childhood, he innocently asks, "What kind of light is that?" Elsewhere he confesses, "What I want more than anything is to get down on paper what the shining looks like." In accordance with the astrological omens, Leo, I suggest you follow Dickman's lead in the coming weeks. You will receive soulful teachings if you pay special attention to both the qualities of the light you see with your eyes and the inner light that wells up in your heart.

VIRGO (Aug 23-Sept 22): The Passage du Gois is a 2.8-mile causeway that runs between the western French town of Beauvoir causeway that runs between the western French town of Beauvoir-sur-Mer and the island of Noirmoutier in the Atlantic Ocean. It's us-able only twice a day when the tide goes out, and even then for just an hour or two. The rest of the time it's under water. If you hope to walk or bike or drive across, you must accommodate yourself to na-ture's rhythms. I suspect there's a metaphorically similar phenomenon in your life, Virgo. To get to where you want to go next, you can't necessarily travel exactly when you feel like it. The path will be open and available for brief periods. But it will be open and available.

LIBRA (Sept 23-Oct 22): Modern toilet paper appeared in 1901, pany in Green Bay, Wisconsin, began to market "sanitary tissue" to the public. The product had a small problem, however Since the manufacturing process wasn't perfect, wood chips some-times remained embedded in the paper. It was not until 1934 that the product was offered as officially "splinter-free." I mention this, Libra, because I suspect that you are not yet in the splinter-free phase of the promising possibility you're working on. Keep at it. Hold steady. Eventually you'll purge the glitches.

**SCORPIO (Oct 23–Nov 21):** "Don't be someone that searches, finds, and then runs away," advises novelist Paulo Coelho. I'm tempted to add this caveat: "Don't be someone that searches, finds, and then runs away—unless you really do need to run away for a while to get better prepared for the reward you have summoned... and then return to fully embrace it." After studying the astrological omen: Scorpio, I'm guessing you can benefit from hearing this information

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 22-Dec 21): Go ahead and howl a celebrato open secrets that have somehow remained hidden from you, to simple lessons you haven't been simple enough to learn before now, and to breathtaking escapes you have only recently earned, P.S.: You are authorized to refer to the coming weeks as a watershed.

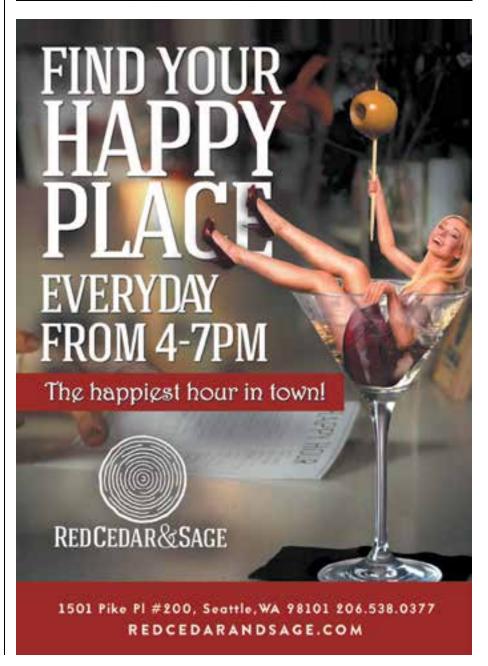
**CAPRICORN (Dec 22–Jan 19):** Musician and visual artist Brian Eno loves to dream up innovative products. In 2006, he published a DVD called *77 Million Paintings*, which uses technological trickery to generate 77 million different series of images. To watch the entire generate 77 minute ritine races of minuges. To ward the entire thing would take 9,000 years. In my opinion, it's an interesting but gimmicky novelty—not particularly deep or meaningful. During the next nine months, Capricorn, I suggest that you attempt a far more impressive feat: a richly complex creation that will provide you with growth-inducing value for years to come

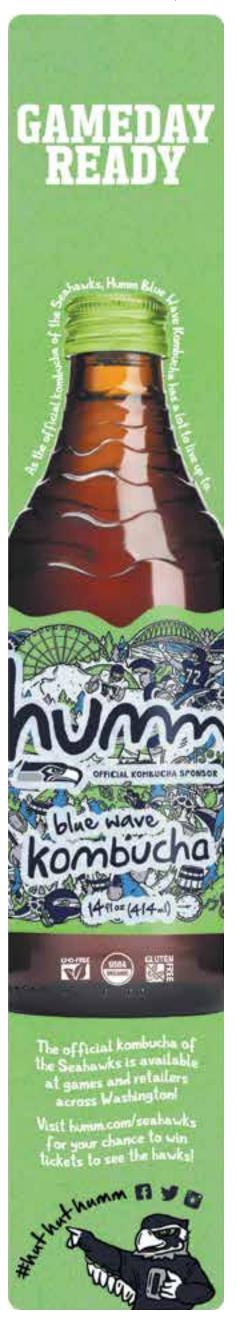
AQUARIUS (Jan 20-Feb 18): Do you know about the Lords of Shouting? According to Christian and Jewish mythology, they're a gang of 15.5 million angels that greet each day with vigorous songs of praise and blessing. Most people are too preoccupied with their or praise and diessing. Most people are too preoccupied with their own mind chatter to pay attention to them, let alone hear their melodious offerings. But I suspect you may be an exception to that rule in the coming weeks. According to my reading of the astrological omens, you'll be exceptionally alert for and receptive to glad tidings. You may be able to spot opportunities that others are blind to, including the chants of the Lords of Shouting and many other potential blessings. Take advantage of your aptitude!

PISCES (Feb 19-March 20): Greenland sharks live a long time to 400 years, according to researchers at the University of Copenhagen. The females of the species don't reach sexual maturity until they're 150. Ine temales of the species don't reach sexual maturity until they're 150. I wouldn't normally compare you Pisceans to these creatures, but my reading of the astrological omens suggests that the coming months will be a time when at long last you will reach your full sexual ripeness. It's true that you've been capable of generating new human beings for quite some time. But your erotic wisdom has lagged behind. Now that's going to change. Your ability to harness your libidinous power will soon that to increase. As it does you'll asin new access to give larger they are they ar start to increase. As it does, you'll gain new access to primal creativity.











# Jazmyn Scott

PHOTO BY STANTON STEPHENS

Jazmyn Scott is the program manager at Langston, a new nonprofit housed within the Langston Hughes Performing Arts Institute. The organization aims to be a beacon of black arts and culture in Seattle, and with her mandate to energize the historic Central District venue with new programs and activities, Scott is in charge of lighting that particular fire.

You won an award for cocurating the Legacy of Seattle Hip-Hop exhibit at MOHAI, so I have to ask: Which

## local musician is doing it for you right now?

I love soul music, and Tiffany Wilson is my girl. Her vocal cords are anointed. She can sing the alphabet and I get chills! The song "Me & You" off her latest release, #See-Sharp, stays on repeat.

## You want to go out dancing. Where do you go?

At the end of the summer, I would check out Motown on Mondays at Bar Sue. It's a solid kick, and the DJs are always

#### When it starts getting dark at 4:30 p.m., where do you seek comfort from the gloom?

Happy hour! BluWater Bistro in Leschi serves an amazing blood-orange manhattan, so you're likely to find me there any given evening when I have the time to kick back.

## What do people in Seattle need to shut up about?

The Sonics and the proposed arena. I promise I'm not a hater, but we have a huge homelessness issue in this city. I do think it would be great to have the NBA return here, but I'd hope to see resources and real affordable housing for the thousands of Seattle residents living on the streets before we spend a shit ton of money on a sports arena.

# Which upcoming Langston event are you most excited

The Black Music Festival we are planning for 2017. We already have some great ideas for partnerships and collaborations, and I can't wait for Langston to be at the forefront of something that this city has been missing forever. This is big for Seattle, and I'm honored to have been chosen to begin leading the charge. ■



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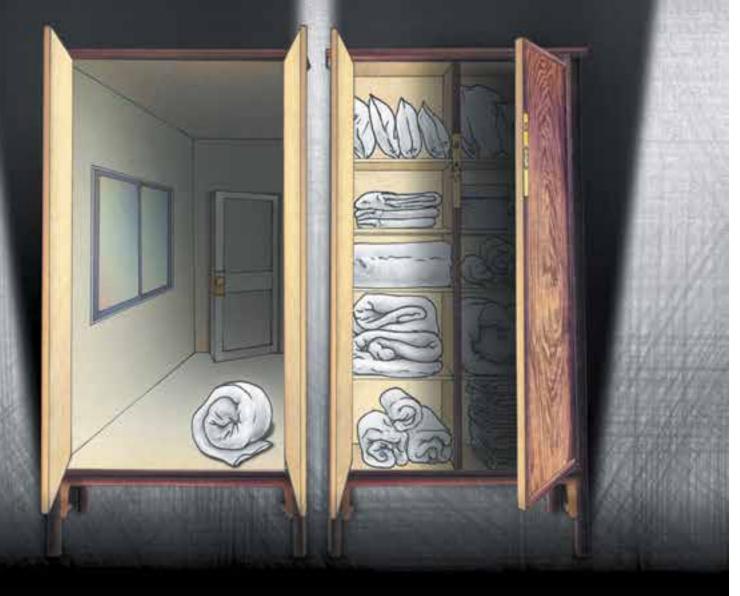
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**FEB 26** 

#Tabaimo visitsam.org

# TABAIMO

utsutsushi utsushi



Immersive video installations by contemporary Japanese artist Tabaimo, and historic works from SAM's Asian art collection

The exhibition is organized by the Seattle Art Museum in collaboration with Tabaimo MELLON

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